TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Quite a little commotion has been raised over the removal from Halifax of a few English redcoats who were left on this greater half of the continent to remind us of how much it costs England to take care of her colonies. Some of those unfortunate people who are hunting for slights expressed the belief that this move was another exhibition of Gladstone's contempt for the colonies. We here in Canada, who are so well acquainted with political buncombe and the petty devices for making people believe that something is being done by the Government, can readily appreciate the fact that Mr. Gladstone is compelled to show himself as a Reformer and is choosing the most immaterial objects upon which to exhibit his frugality and statesmanship. Canada can very well afford to take care of the citadel at Halifax; it is only right that Canada should keep up her own fences and bear the expenses of such defences as are necessary. Shop-keepers were heartbroken when the "regulars" were taken away many years ago; they have lived all right without them. Halifax is the only city that will suffer, inasmuch as they will miss the brilliant uniforms at their swell affairs and a few tailors may lose the remittance "from ome." We are not in the habit here in Canada of judging Great Britain or the impulses of the British people by Mr. Gladstone, and nobody need feel frightened or hurt that we have had it again intimated to us that if we enjoy the protection of Great Britain we shall have to do our own part towards the maintenance of the defences which are purely Canadian.

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The Hon. Mr. Chapleau has given us another of his last, final and very touching farewell appearances. This farce has ceased to be funny; the only serious and important feature of it is the eagerness with which his farewell was accepted as a final by all except the little *coterie* in the Montreal district who cling to him for what he has to give, or at least what he can help them get. I understand that at the next municipal election our sapient Council is likely to submit to the people the question of abolishing privy pits; they might put on the same ballot the question of accepting Mr. Chapleau's resignation. Quebec may like the funny business indulged in by the Minister of the Interior, but this province is excessively weary of his fireworks. We can stand a good deal of rip and roar and look with occasional interest at the political tragedian who drags his toes after him and clutches his heart and shakes his iron-grey mane, but much obtruded on the public sight this performance becomes exceedingly stale. Even of Mr. Chapleau's health we have heard too much. If he is so confoundedly sick that he cannot attend to business and cannot talk about anything but the condition of his nerves and liver, let him go to a sanitarium and brace up. It is a solemn fact that in this section of the Canadian vineyard we don't give a tinker's malediction whether he is sick or well; we are too sick of him to care for anything but his removal from a sphere in which his theatricals are being continually obtruded upon us.

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It has been telegraphed to us that Dr. Montague, M. P., Haldimand, is absorbed in the pursuit of a portfolio and that he cannot see why Mr. Meredith should be promoted while he is left to practice medicine between speeches. Dr. Montague is an exceedingly good stump speaker, and he has a knack of carrying Haldimand which is excessively clever; he is popular, but he is not believed in. As between him and Mr. Meredith in the popular estimation of Ontario, W. R. Meredith has under his influence a thousand votes where Dr. Montague has but one. Mr. Meredith, unfortunately, is not a man who has profited by his parliamentary experiences, but the province of Ontario has profited by his parliamentary experiences, and Liberal and Conservative alike believe in him as an upright and honest man. If Premier Abbott is looking for stump speakers as Cabinet Ministers, W. R. Meredith is a stump speaker whose words carry conviction. People go away after hearing him and say, "His was the finest face, his words were the most honest words, his bearing that of a dignified Christian gentleman." After they hear Dr. Montague they say, "That was a splendid speech," but I doubt if anybody ever remembers what it was about. One's influence is transitory, the other's is permanent; one's character is impressive and those who vote against him speak of him with kindness and express regret that he is not on their side; those who hear Dr. Montague don't get a quarter of a mile away from the country schoolhouse where his oration was delivered before the whole thing has faded away. I like Dr. Montague, but when he or his friends put him in comparison with W. R. Meredith I rebel at once that anybody should suggest a comparison between the two men in the regard of influence in this province. It is a roaring absurdity, one of the funniest things I ever heard.

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Of course if they insist on crucifying W. R. Meredith his friends will resent it, and I can say right here that I for one will follow W. R. Meredith anywhere he leads, and use my pen and voice and all the money that I can spare to be with him and to help him, and he is the only man in political life to-day in whose favor I would do so much. I am but one of thousands in this province and when they begin to institute comparisons such as the one I have spoken of, Mr. Meredith's friends will resent it every time. That he does not insist on political promotion is nothing to his friends; that he does not receive political promotion is nothing to them; they can love him and follow him just as well where he is as anywhere else, but when people begin to compare him with men who are not fit to fasten the laces of his shoes it may just as well be understood that there is going to be a great big, royal, Canadian kick. If they do not propose to ask him to go to Ottawa, let them leave him in peace where he is and not endeavor to degrade him by inserting his name alongside of those who are unworthy of the proximity. Mr. Meredith does not want to go to Ottawa; if he ever consented to do it, it was to help the party and the province for which he has sacrificed his whole lifetime, and his friends in Ontario do not intend that his name shall be bantered around the corridors at the Capital as having been entered in a fat man's race for a tin medal. His name and his fame, his goodness, his generosity and his self-sacrifice for the Conservative party and the Province of Ontario are enshrined in the hearts of the people of Ontario and the less slack talk that we hear from Ottawa on the subject of his so-called promotion to a Cabinet position, the better for the Conservative party in this province.

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The best way to discuss the new Esplanade difficulty is with regard to what is best for the city. The newspapers who are continually trying to create a panic lest the Canadian Pacific Railway get some advantage, are taking a prejudiced view of the matter. If west of Yonge street Major Sankey's proposal is thoroughly consistent with the public good, let that much of it be adopted; if east of Yonge street it is found objectionable, let that be refused. All the newspapers admit, if my memory serves me right, that west of Yonge street the city surveyor's plans are in harmony with the commercial, railway and individual interests of Toronto. If that be so, adopt that much of it and leave the rest alone. In this city we are too much in the habit of screeching with fear whenever we see the possibility of somebody making a dollar. Much capital has been driven out of Toronto by the unholy terror of people who would rather obstruct than assist private enterprises. If the railway corporation can help itself and help the city at the same time we should help it through. The aldermen need not be afraid to make an alteration for the public good even if the C. P. R. obtains an advantage out of it. Why shouldn't they? If large public works are undertaken in Toronto every citizen expects to get an advantage out of it, and a big corporation has a right to expect, if it be in its neighborhood, to obtain its share.

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When it comes to the question of the high level bridge over the Don, it is amusing to find newspapers which were sneering at the Citizens' Association, in a state of complete collapse now that the question has to be financially discussed. It is some time ago now—and I have made it one of my especial efforts that it sha'n't be forgotten—that the Citizens' Association was fighting with all its might to force the C. P. R. into a position that it should have to build at its own expense a high level bridge over the Don in order to avoid the dangers which the said railway created by crossing the street within a few feet of the low level bridge. The danger was not then in existence; the newspapers had a wild fervor on behalf of the C. P. R.; the Citizens' Association, who spent thousands of dollars in order to warn the city, in order to obviate this very trouble, were scorned and spat upon. Now the difficulty is right in front of the eyes of the people and they see it; now they have to find some means of paying for the blooming bridge; now they appreciate the trouble. The five or six hundred men who spent the money and did the work in order to force the C. P. R. to build that bridge at their own expense can very well sit back and smile, and smile mostly at the newspapers that could see nothing dangerous then but see so much that is dangerous and expensive now. At the present moment I do not blame the C. P. R. at all for getting the very best bargain they can out of the railway committee at Ottawa. Toronto said with considerable emphasis, "We don't want to be bothered with this subject now; we will wait till it is forced upon us." Now it is being forced upon the elector; the time for making a bargain is past; he must take his medicine and the people on the other side of the Don should be taxed to build the high level bridge, for they are the ones who mostly use it. After the railway committee has assessed the C. P. R. it would be a proper thing for the City Council to say, "The city can bear a certain percentage of the expense in order to expedite the traffic from the townships to our market, but for local and civic purposes the East End shall bear the rest." Weeks of hard work on this thing in the Citizens' Association makes me feel very much inclined to remind the aldermen and the elector of how comfortable he felt at the time the appeal was being made to him. I do not sympathize with him a cent's worth now because he did not appreciate the matter then, for no man is worth five cents' worth of sympathy who is too busy and too smart to look forward and anticipate trouble, but who is loud in his wailings when the trouble comes upon him.

IN THE STARLIGHT.

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The Manitoba school question is a strange text for so much to be written upon in this province. It should be quite as strange a text in the province of Quebec. What have we got to do with the Manitoba school question? Is it any of Quebec's funeral? The Privy Council has said that Manitoba shall manage her own educational affairs and decide her own school question, yet political newspapers are nibbling around the edge of this problem in Ontario, and Quebec politicians are already astride of the Papist horse, darting high and low and curveting around like circus showmen working up some business on this little matter which does not belong to any province except Manitoba. If it is the Manitoba school question, leave it to Manitoba; if they have not sense enough to run their own affairs up there they do not need schools at all; what they need is an idiot asylum. If the province of Manitoba cannot attend to her own business with regard to educating the young, send a medical commission up there to take evidence and make arrests; it would be a blamed sight more sensible than the prohibition commission that is up there now.

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I have not been an enthusiastic admirer of James B. Boustead, nor has "concealment, like a worm in the bud, gnawed on my damaged cheek." James B. has been a man who was so anxious to conciliate public opinion that he often tried to be on sixteen sides at once, yet about the man there is something likable. As his hairs have whitened, there has something very likable grown up about him, for he has worked hard for the city and he had an ambition which his own over-anxiety made impossible of gratification. This sort of man we banter and tease when he is in public life, with a more or less conscientious feeling that he is not sincere and direct enough to tie to altogether, and yet we have a liking for him. He is a good neighbor and a kind friend, and a man that could ask us to do any reasonable thing and we would do it with alacrity. He failed once, and his creditors had a dreadful shock; his assets were almost *nil*. At this point the most admirable phase of the man's character became prominent. He went right on and disregarded his failure and public criticism of his condition; he made money, he paid all his debts like a man, kept in public position, and made money again. Now the newspapers tell us that he is in trouble, and I think I can say, and nobody will contradict me, that in all the years during which James B. Boustead's hair has been growing silvery in this city he never had as many friends and admirers as he has to-day. I don't know why it is that affliction should bring to this man an affection which public service did not procure. I know I shall feel sorry to meet him knowing that he is not the rich man we had suspected him of being; not that I would care for him as a rich man, but there is a general concensus of public opinion that he ought to have plenty in his old age to live on. Unless we discover him as an extortioner or a man taking usurious interest, Mr. Boustead's failure as an old man will not do him any harm and he need not sorrow that it will lose him any friends. Perhaps we have not quite understood him; perhaps we have suspected him too much. One thing is sure, that now that he is in trouble there are five thousand people in this city who feel anxious and worried about him for fear that he will get the worst of it, to the one hundred who cared what became of him when he was prosperous. After all, this is quite a test of whether a man has a place in public affection or not, and it is worth something to Mr. Boustead to know that this sentiment is abroad and that he has so real a place in the affection of the people of this city.

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Outside of sentiment, it is significant that some of the real estate operators reputed to be wealthy are quietly laying down their load. That there are great loads being borne in Toronto everybody knows; that the earth will tremble when the grand phalanx drop their bundle from their shoulders everybody expects. When will this happen? Jones, who bought five hundred feet in the Gooseville annex of Parkdale and has been paying interest and taxes on it for three years, will read of ex-Alderman Boustead's failure and sit down and figure how much his Gooseville estate is making. He paid five dollars a foot, one dollar down and four in mortgages; the taxes are heavy; the Screw Jones Investment and Mortgage Company let him sleep neither day nor night lest his interest falls in arrears; he has been depriving his family of luxuries, if not necessaries, in order to carry this deal of his. He casts his eye over the future; his good sense tells him that it will be from ten to twenty years before property out in the "rhuburbs" has a marketable value. By that time his farm land will have cost him about twenty-five dollars a foot and will be worth about five. He turns from his figures, which are a man's means of arriving at despair, and asks his wife what he had better do. Ten chances to one, she says he had better move to Detroit or Chicago and leave his unearned increment in the goose pasture to the Screw Jones Investment and Mortgage Company. He may do that, or simply abandon the whole thing, and if he does it, he is wise. He cannot carry the load, and he had better put it down. Every man in this city who has an imaginary equity, a fanciful margin, a queer-Jonas interest in property that is eating him up, had much better put it right down in the grass and say that he is financially dead, than try to keep up his payments.

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Don't starve your family paying for a house that somebody will take away from you; don't imagine that there is anything in lugging goose pastures over the next twenty years of unsalableness. Quietly dump it; drop your jag right now. If the town has to clean itself up and find out what values really are, do it right now; don't lug it along and get poorer every year like an Arkansaw squatter. Let your equities and your covenants and the whole business go right into court, and if you are bankrupt, quit; don't try, if you haven't the money, to carry it, because you can't do it. There is no use starving your family in order to have a patch up lot five miles from the City Hall which you won't obtain complete possession of until the millennium arrives. When the millennium comes we will all have bowers and harps. This may not seem commercially honest, but it is. The sooner all the fictitious values and fanciful equities and ridiculous margins and crazy speculations are exploded, the better for everybody. Just take

out your jackknife and cut the string. The banks and the investment companies, and the loan societies and the saving associations are all frightened; they are squeezing everybody. Let them go on and squeeze. If you are the victim, QUIT. There is nothing in it. When the biggest real estate operators in the city begin to offer a deed of assignment, you poor fellows who are carrying quadrilateral sections of a goose pasture had better call off your dog. Don't be afraid that it is not square; the squarest way is to announce your inability just as soon as you become unable. Five thousand men who are unable to carry this sort of thing are trying to lug it through the mud. Don't bother. Stop it and begin over again. If the city is to have a panic, let us have the panic; we have got a cramp, let us have it and get over it. I am not speaking as one who has no interest in the city, nor as one who proposes to put down a solitary investment that I have made. If the good Lord helps me I am going to lug everything through that I have got, but I thank my blessed Maker that I haven't got anything out in the "rhuburbs," and fortune, if it favors me and permits me to endure the burden for five or six years, will find what central property I have invested in worth its money. I say this not because anybody has any personal interest in the writer of these prophecies, but because I do not wish to be misunderstood. I believe the holders of central real estate will make a legitimate return for their investment; I believe the holders of suburban real estate, upon which they do not live or from which they get no rental, no matter how they figure it, are in trouble, and the sooner they get out of the hole the better for everybody concerned, the shorter will be the time when the whole city is disturbed by the belief that there will be a crisis. We can stand the crisis now just as well as any time. The man who is going to drop his load can do it to his own advantage now better than any other time. There is no use living in a fool's paradise. Come out of it.

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While I say all this, I desire to express my unalterable faith in the city of Toronto and in the profitableness of an investment here. I know of no city in the world where central or accessible residential properties are as cheap as they are here in Toronto now and have always been.

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Dr. John Neill Cream, the man who has been convicted of being a wholesale poisoner of women in London, England, was a teacher of a Sunday school and a leader of the Y. M. C. A. in London, Canada, when I was night editor of a newspaper there, and it so happened that I reported one of the earliest of his trials for murder, which has since grown historical as the introduction to a chapter of crime probably unequaled in the world for fiendish deliberation and the thoroughly inexcusable and murderous impulses which directed the man's whole life. I can remember him as a beetle-browed and broad-shouldered brute, upon whose forehead the sweat stood in great globules as he heard the evidence against him and as he gave his evidence in rebuttal. The girl was a waiter in the Tecumseh House; his crime was that sin against nature which is so often fatal. He was acquitted, and I think for the first time I have felt sorry that the prisoner in the box escaped the hangman's rope. Now he is to hang and his book of murder is nearly full. Jack the Ripper and other historical fiends find their crimes pale into insignificance beside the awfulness, the treacherous cowardice of this man's doings. When I was in London last year I told a friend that I was going up to the Bow street court to identify him, but upon receiving the warning that I would likely be detained as a witness I abandoned the idea. Nothing but maudlin interest in criminals prevented this murderous freak from the fate he deserved years ago. Now that he is condemned to death the English speaking world will draw a sigh of relief, for of all the dreadful personages who have obtruded themselves no one is so dreadful as the poisoner, as the doctor who under the guise of his diploma makes death the penalty of a belief in his professional skill.

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It seems to me that the *Evening News* has made a very serious mistake in virtually locking out the Union printers from its office. While I think the scale of prices offered by the *News* was too low, it is a much more serious matter to what has been the workingmen's newspaper that in defiance of what they have preached they propose to practice those frugalities which workingmen esteem to be oppressive. The *News* was built up by the workingmen of this city; it owed its success to the adherence of the wage-workers, and for the sake of saving a few dollars a week it appears to me excessively foolish for the newspaper to quarrel with its readers, and the main body of the *News's* readers are those who believe in Union scales and the organization of labor to resist the encroachments of capital. The *News* can much better afford to pay liberal wages than to lose that liberal support which the workingmen of this city have always given it. Moreover, a newspaper cannot afford to be so inconsistent as to advocate high wages when other people are to pay them, while insisting on paying low wages themselves. I hope this dispute will be amicably adjusted for the sake of both the *News* and the men. It is, in fact, a most surprising thing that such a rupture ever took place.

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Social and Personal.

Mr. Frank W. Bradwin of Hamilton was the guest of his brother, Mr. A. E. Bradwin, Jarvis street, on Sunday.

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The Parkdale Cricket Club presented their secretary, Mr. S. W. Black, with a handsome umbrella and gold-headed cane on the occasion of the celebration of his wooden wedding. Mr. Black has been secretary of the club for five years, and is very popular with all the members.

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Mr. E. Playter of the Bank of Commerce has returned from a pleasant two weeks' bicycle trip.

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The first annual dinner of the W. A. Murray & Co. Cricket Club took place on Thursday of last week, at which about thirty members were present. A pleasant event in connection with the dinner was the presentation of a handsome gold-headed cane to Mr. James P. Murray.

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In response to an invitation from the directors of the Ontario School of Art and Design, an appreciative audience assembled at the Art Gallery on Tuesday evening and had the pleasure of seeing the successful students rewarded with medals and certificates, which were presented by the Lieutenant-Governor, who alluded to the excellent work that has been accomplished in the past two years in the School of Art, and spoke in very complimentary terms to the students. Most interesting speeches were given by the Hon. G. W. Allan, Inspector Hughes, Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Murray, and others.

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Mrs. A. Woolnough of Windsor spent last week here visiting her many friends. She returned home on Saturday night.

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Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt have removed to 46 Yorkville avenue.

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A large and fashionable audience listened with pleasure to Prof. Clark's second lecture on Tennyson last Saturday afternoon in Association Hall. The Princess was the poem most particularly spoken of by the lecturer.

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Judge Senkler of St. Catharines was in town last Saturday.

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Mrs. Farley of Belleville spent a few days in town this week.

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At the service of praise last Wednesday evening in the new Church of the Messiah, Mrs. Alfred Wigmore, Miss Jardine Thompson and other artists took part.

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Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser, well known to the elocution-loving people of Toronto, left on Tuesday evening on a flying tour of the Canadian North-West, British Columbia and the Pacific Coast, and will return to his native city some time in December.

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Miss Margaret and Miss Tessie Dawson, daughters of Sheriff Dawson, St. Catharines, have been spending some days with Major and Mrs. Henry A. Gray, 151 Sherbourne street. Miss Ella Macdonald is staying with her cousin, Mrs. Gray, till she leaves for Sudbury next week, to take charge of her brother's house there.

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At the opening concert in the Conservatory Music Hall last Monday evening, a very large and appreciative audience was present and enjoyed the excellent programme. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick graced this occasion with their presence. Among others I noticed: Major and Mrs. Cosby, the Hon. G. W. Allan, Mrs. Macdonell and party, Signor Pierre Delasco, Fraulein Hofmann and party, Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, Miss Frances Morris, Mr. W. O. Forsyth, Mr. F. and Miss Victoria Mason, Miss Dallas, Miss E. Dixon, Miss McMaster, Mr. Strathy. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore black and pale blue, and wore a beautiful wrap of brocade. Mrs. Cosby wore an elegant gray moire gown with a handsome cloak. She was *coiffee* in a most becoming manner. Miss E. Labatt wore a very *chic* Watteau gown of cream and flounced silk, with pink roses. She played a charming Tarantella in a most finished manner. Madame D'Auria wore a black lace dress, with white chrysanthemums and diamonds. A very pretty gown was of pearl gray Bedford cord, large hat and ostrich tips to match. Another pretty little dress was of black ottoman cord with jet-fringed girdle and *sang de boeuf* undressed kid gloves stitched with black.

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Mrs. Drummond, of 50 St. George street, received a number of callers on her reception days this week. She was assisted by Miss Addie Wadsworth, who looked very pretty in a dainty flowered delaine frock and white ribbons. Mrs. Drummond wore cream cloth with oriental passementerie.

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Miss Florence Washington of McCaul street has returned from Europe, accompanied by Miss Rowland. I am told that events have transpired over the sea, which will at some future date rob Toronto of Miss Washington's bright and clever presence.

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I was sorry to hear of the serious illness of Mr. Fairclough, organist of All Saints'. His brother, Mr. George Fairclough, from Brantford, took his old place at the organ last Sunday.

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Mr. and Mrs. Edward Blake leave on Monday next for England. Mr. Blake has been on a few days' visit to Boston; he returns to-day to Toronto. The absence of Mr. Blake and his esteemed wife will leave a blank in many a social circle of our city.

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Mrs. Dalton of Oakleigh, Isabella street, gave a largely attended tea last Monday afternoon. Among the many present I remarked: Mrs. DuMoulin, Mrs. and Miss Mulock, the Misses Holland, Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mrs. Bendelari, Mrs. and Miss Ferguson, Mrs. and Miss Tomlinson, Miss Bessie Howard, Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, Mrs. Pellat, Mrs. Hamilton of Rosedale, Mrs. Biddy, Miss Dixon, Mrs. Scott Howard and Mrs. Francis Richardson.

A number of society people are interested in the culinary art, as is evidenced by the large attendance at the Cooking School classes, which are held in the Y. M. C. A. rooms on Elm street. Last winter several dainty dames concocted equally dainty and toothsome dishes, which were pronounced extremely good by admiring friends.

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The Rosedale Lawn Tennis Club held their annual dinner at the Arlington Hotel last night, and the prizes were presented to the victors in the recent tournament.

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The French Club, Les Hiboux, held their first reunion at Derwent Lodge, the residence of Mrs. J. E. Thompson, last evening. A most delightful evening was spent.

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Mrs. Henry Cawthra gave a dinner party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Drayton on Thursday evening of last week. The invited guests included Mr. and Mrs. Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Brock, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Drayton, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Cawthra and the Misses Jones.

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Mrs. Alexander Gibson will be At Home to-day to a number of invited friends.

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Mr. John T. Gamble, H. M. S. Mongolian, was in town recently.

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On October 26 and 27 the annual meeting of convocation of Trinity University took place. At the evening service, which was held in the college chapel on Wednesday, Rev. Prof. Worrell, M. A., of the Royal Military College, Kingston, preached an excellent sermon.

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Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Miller of Brockville spent a few days in the city lately.

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The Misses Beatty of Queen's Park are visiting friends in New York.

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Miss Lillie Gooderham is visiting her sister, Mrs. Acheson, in New York.

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Mrs. D. Nicholas Millar gives an At Home to-day.

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The dance given by Mrs. Riordan last week was an ideal *debutante's* party. Her spacious home was beautifully decorated with the choicest flowers and plants. The two large parlors and hall were utilized for dancing, and a throng of lovely women and gallant men chased the flying hours with lighter flying feet. The young lady in whose honor the party was given was the fair daughter of the gracious hostess, and looked most charming in a gown of pure white silk gauze with white jewels and a large bouquet of white roses. Mrs. Riordan wore gray and silver brocade and diamonds. Mrs. Kirkpatrick was gowned in rose-colored satin and brocade with rich embroidery and diamond ornaments. Miss Kirkpatrick wore pale blue brocade and pearls. Miss Bunting wore white silk striped with blue and blue velvet sleeves. Mrs. Henry Cawthra wore a handsome dress of gray satin, brocaded in pink, with diamond ornaments. Mrs. Baines, yellow satin and lace, cut steel ornaments; Mrs. Cecil Gibson, a dainty pink and white silk with pink velvet sleeves and white lace; Mrs. James Crowther wore a most becoming dress of yellow and white striped moire, with large sleeves of yellow brocade. Miss Hill was handsome and dignified in gray brocade and white lace. Miss Walker was in white silk, striped with yellow and blue; sleeves and trimmings of pale blue velvet, and large Rhinestone buckles. Miss Bickford wore buttercup satin, with black velvet trimmings; Mrs. J. Fisken, crimson silk and black feather trimming; Miss Jones, yellow satin and *tulle;* Mrs. Patterson, pale blue brocade and feather trimming; Miss Thomson, black net, dotted with white, and trimmings of white flowers and jet; Miss Annie Parsons, yellow silk and black velvet sleeves and trimmings; Miss Lena Cawthra, white silk and pink trimmings; Miss Minnie Parsons, *eau de nil* silk with black lace and jet; Miss Bessie McDonald, white brocade and pearl ornaments; Mrs. Bolte, blue and heliotrope gown; Mrs. McCullough, pale blue silk and *chiffon;* Mrs. Bristol, buttercup silk with velvet the same shade; Miss Lash, gray silk and *tulle;* Miss Hoskin, pale blue *chiffon;* Miss Clark, pale blue satin, *tulle* and pink roses; Miss Boulton, white silk with ruching around the edge of the skirt of pink roses, bodice trimmed with the same; Miss Dawson wore a heliotrope gown; Miss J. Dawson, white *tulle,* with white flowers and ribbons; Mrs. W. Barwick, white brocade and lace, with large white sleeves; Miss Hoskins, lavender and white gown; Miss Rutherford, black lace; Miss A. Rutherford, white silk and lace.

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Mr. Harry Field's concert was well attended on Tuesday evening and would have been better, had not a number of other events claimed their quota of the music-loving public. Mr. Field's playing will be dealt with in another column. It was delightful, and Mrs. Mackelcan's singing was a fit interlude, or more properly, a leading feature of the concert. In her deep black velvet gown, cut square to show her beautiful neck, this contralto queen looked most majestic, and her rich, full voice never was more musical and touching than in her feeling rendering of that sweet song, Would That We Two Were Maying. Mrs. Mackelcan was stylishly *coiffee* and wore a small diadem, which gave a finishing touch to her simple but distinguished presence. Among the audience were: Mr. and Mrs. Bourlier, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mr. Gunther, Mr. Charles and Miss Hirschfelder, Signor Delasco, Mr. Field, Miss DuMoulin, the Misses Taylor of Jarvis street, Miss Maclean Howard, Miss Clark, Mrs. Stewart, Miss Dupont, and a bevy of buds in pretty frocks, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, Mrs. and Miss Mulock, Miss Norma Reynolds, and the Misses Martin.

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Miss Helen King of Jarvis street, who has been visiting her sister in New York, returned to the city on Monday.

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A large number of nice people called at Government House on Wednesday afternoon. Noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Carpmael, Sir Casimir Gzowski, Mr. G. B. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Aylmer, Mrs. Hoskins, Mrs. and the Misses Milligan, Mrs. J. E. Thompson, Mr. Ernest Thompson, Miss Thompson, Miss Fraser, Mrs. Homer Dixon, the Misses Dixon, Mrs. and Miss Grantham, Miss Small, Miss Bunting, Mrs. and Miss Riordan, Mr. and Mrs. Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Mary Robinson, Mrs. Farrar, Miss Hornibrook, Mrs. Bendelari and Mrs. Drayton. Mrs. Dobell wore a lovely gown of pale blue with black, and a little trifle of a bonnet that was extremely *chic.* Miss Kirkpatrick wore a velvet cord, in one of the new purplish red shades. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore cream and moss green; Mrs. Hoskins, an elegant dark heliotrope, with black; Mrs. Aylmer, a trim tailor-made gown; Miss Alice Milligan looked very stylish in black and pale blue; Miss Robinson wore a sweet little fawn and white costume.

•

St. Mary's church was the scene of an interesting event Wednesday morning, it being the marriage of two well known young people of the West End, Miss Teresa Cummings and Mr. J. A. Gormaly. After a trip to Detroit and Cleveland Mr. and Mrs. Gormaly will take up residence in Parkdale.

•

At the Academy on Monday evening there was a large audience, numbering many of the Knights of Pythias and their lady friends, to see the play from the story of the heroes of which their Order takes its name. The boxes were filled with pretty girls and stylish women, and a number of handsome gowns were worn. I remarked several dainty little theater bonnets—a puff of lace and a wreath of flowers, with sometimes an iridescent butterfly atop.

•

Mr. Cockburn's theater party occupied two boxes at the Grand on Wednesday evening, and seemed to thoroughly enjoy the excellent play of The Middleman. The ladies were: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who looked radiant in a white gown with touches of deep red and a simple *coiffure* with a scarlet bandeau; Mrs. Cockburn wore a handsome gown of deep crimson; Mrs. Dobell, a rich corn color; Mrs. Macpherson of Quebec, a silver and white brocade; Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, a lovely confection in black and pink with gold passementerie and modish pink velvet sleeves; Miss Kirkpatrick wore a dainty little gown of light color. An admiring visitor from Gotham made a very true remark as he surveyed the party between the acts, to this effect: "Well, if Toronto can turn out many such handsome women I don't wonder at the liking our people have for the place." This openly expressed opinion of our young American visitor is honest and hearty, and Toronto folk can accept it as a sincere compliment which, however, they fully deserve. The Lieut.-Governor, Mr. Cockburn, Mr. Tait and Mr. Percy Hodgins were also of the party. Among the audience I remarked: Mrs. Herbert Mason and the Misses Mason, looking as bright as if they had not been working night and day for Ye Olde English Fayre; Mrs. Fraser Macdonald in a dainty opera wrap of pale blue and white; Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Tomlinson, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. and Miss Small, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Major and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Ernie McCrae, Mr. and Mrs. Ridout and many others.

•

A very pleasant dance was given by Miss Ellis of Lindum, Ord street, on Friday of last week. Miss Ellis was assisted in receiving by Miss Harding of London, England. A few present were: Mr. Charles Catto, Miss Catto, Mr. D. McCall, Miss McCall, Mr. Leslie Davidson, Miss Davidson, Miss Boon, Miss Tinning, Mr. R. McCallum, Miss McCallum, Mr. Wagonner, Miss Wagonner, Detroit; Mr. Burns, Mr. Hyslop, Mr. Ebbels, Mr. Morrison, Miss Rogers, Buffalo; Miss Manning, Niagara Falls; and others. Carkeek's orchestra furnished excellent music.

•

The joint recital given in Association Hall on Tuesday evening, October 18, by A. C. Mounteer of the Toronto College of Expression, and Miss Jessica Terwilliger, was very well attended. Prof. Mounteer is well known, having been heard often and always admired by the public, but this was Miss Terwilliger's first appearance here. She came from Boston highly recommended, and her performance convinced all that the praise bestowed upon her was richly deserved. As a reciter she displayed grace, polish and genius, and it is hoped that she may make other public appearances during the season.

•

St. Simon's church, which has been enlarged and beautified during the summer months, is to be opened to-morrow with full choral services, under the direction of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison. Professor Clark of Trinity College will preach in the morning and on several following Sunday mornings. Rev. T. W. Paterson will preach to-morrow evening.

•

Rev. H. J. Hamilton of Wycliffe College leaves on Tuesday evening for Japan. A farewell reception will be given to Mr. Hamilton at 8.30 on the same evening at the college.

•

A feature of the Fayre is to be a military drama, interpreted by a most marvelous array of talent. I was amazed to read the names of Bernhardt, Keene, Irving, Wilson Barrett and Oliver Dude Byron among the caste. That some of these notables will need to journey from another world to fulfil their engagement, lends additional interest to the affair. Messrs. George Dunstan and "Nellie" Macdonald are the advance agents.

•

Mrs. Boscovitz is in town and will receive on the first Tuesday in the month, at No. 4 Division street.

•

Mr. F. W. Sprado of the Manitoba Hotel, Winnipeg, bestowed upon SATURDAY NIGHT as samples of what the wild and wooly West can produce, some prairie fowl and some delicious celery. The chickens were voted fit to grace the table of an emperor, and one head of celery weighed four and a half pounds, quite convincing proof that though people in this province imagine that up in Manitoba the people live principally on wheat, and lack the delicacies which we enjoy down here where civilization is supposed to be a little bit riper, as a matter of fact the fruit of the gamebag and of the vegetable garden is both plentiful and of first quality. Celery, says Mr. Sprado, is stacked like cordwood, and Ontario people have but faint idea of the wonderfully rapid and luxurious vegetation of a Manitoba summer. Such

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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The Latest Novelties.

FASHIONABLE modistes who remained late in Paris in search of novelties are receiving a bewildering variety of gowns, scarcely any two being made alike. This great variety exists mainly in the shape of skirts, which may flare out at the foot in trumpet shape, fall in five or seven straight breadths on a bell petticoat of another stuff, or else be closely gored in front and very full and straight in the back. Sometimes the long popular bell shape is given in the sloped front breadths, widened by gussets at the foot or on the sides, as well as in the bias back seam, with which we are familiar, but the tendency in all is to a greater fulness in the upper part of the skirt, omitting darts in front and sides, and using pleats or French gathers in the back, made by alternate long and short stitches. The waists of these new dresses are far more uniform than the skirts, being mostly round and nearly seamless, with or without a short jacket front and full vest, but invariably with a girdle or belt of some kind. The only coat waists shown are long Directoire coats reaching below the knees, and some very smart habit-bodices with short full back almost forming a frill, or else with two or four flat tabs, cut square at all corners, and piped with velvet or edged with fur.

*

Long belted coats that fall below the knee form part of new costumes that combine wool and silk. The coat is fitted to the figure, yet has but few seams—one down the back, others under the arms, and a single dart each side of the front—and a Russian belt of dark gilt or bronze is added, more for ornament than for use. Pingat makes this long slender over-dress of dark green serge of very wide wale, with sleeves, blouse vest, and skirt of *ombre peau de soie* of two colors, green and brown, shaded in each breadth, and plaided at intervals of eight or ten inches by bars of gilt. The belt is of bronzed gilt galloon, studded with colored stones and fastened by an oval brooch with pendants. The long green coat opens below the waist in the back, while the fronts turn back in revers that are bound with galloon and trimmed with four bronze buttons of graduated sizes. The blouse vest of the silken plaid has a row of galloon down the middle, and a collar band of galloon. Large *gigot* sleeves are of the plaid. The skirt has four breadths of plaid, those in front joined by a seam down the middle and each widened at the foot on the side by a gusset ten inches wide. In the back are two straight breadths in full pleats at the top. The rich fabric needs no lining or trimming, and is simply faced with silk in the old-fashioned way without a binding of braid.

*

The novelties for evening dresses are satins of very light grounds, brocaded with Dresden china designs of small blossoms, sprigs of forget-me-not, tiny carnations, convolvuli, or rose buds. One with pearl white ground has flowerets in which blue prevails, and is made up with a guimpe of pale blue satin, with Empire puffs on the long close sleeves, and panels of blue in the full skirt. Another has a pale blue ground with tiny black specks woven in it, then powdered with pink rose-buds that look like embroidery. There are also silk muslins brocaded in Dresden patterns, one of white ground being crossbarred with satin stripes like an old-fashioned muslin, and a yellow rose brocaded in the center of each plaid. This is exquisite when made in Empire fashion with sleeves of pale yellow velvet in double puffs to the elbow, and a flounce of white Cluny guipure below. The waist is made high by a yoke of yellow velvet covered with Cluny, from which fall long, straight breadths that are drawn into shape by a yellow satin ribbon girdle, beginning in a high point in the back, and drawn down in front almost to the natural line of the waist, then tied on the left side in a lengthwise bow with long, flowing ends.

*

Seamless dresses have long been talked about, and the modistes have at length perfected a waist which has no seams except those on the shoulders, and these are so overlaid by velvet, of which a yoke is made, that they are entirely hidden. The closing is down the middle of the front, and the material, usually serge, is taken bias and smooth across the back and under the arms, then slightly pleated at the waist in front below a deep yoke of velvet. The *gigot* sleeves have but a single seam, and this is covered with a velvet roll or galloon. The serge skirt is cut in a single piece, the great width of the fabric permitting the selvage to be at top and at bottom, and the only seam may be directly in front, where it is sloped slightly, or else far back on the left side, in either case leaving the back quite straight. The top is slightly gathered in front and on the sides, and is held in full French gathers across the back. It is lined throughout with silk, and one new fancy is to put a cable cord of the serge and a piping of velvet around the foot, and also at the top to conceal the seam that joins it permanently to the waist. Other excellent waists for the popular rough serge dresses have a round back slightly pleated to a belt of embroidery or of galloon, with a jacket front curved at the ends opening on a vest of velvet of contrasting color, which is pleated to a belt and also trimmed across the bust with a wide band like that used for the belt. This is very stylish when made of dark green serge with a velvet vest, with band and belt of Persian embroidery. Three narrow bias folds of the serge, each piped with the velvet, are around the skirt, with a cable cord covered with the serge as a heading. Black serges are also made up in this way with *eminence* purple velvet, with green velvet, or with magenta pipings, vest and collar.

*

The newest cloth capes made by Worth are widely open in front to show a fitted waist beneath of the cloth, which is sleeveless and easily put off and on. As the figure is not entirely muffled by this wrap, it promises to please generally. In chocolate brown cloth edged with brown fur this cape is very stylish. The top of the waist and collar are covered with brown ribbed velvet, and epaulette cap of velvet turns down widely below. The cloth front laps to the left side, and is edged top and bottom with fur; this cloth passes over a silk lining which extends across the back, but is there left without a cloth covering, as it is fully draped by the cape. Lovely black velvet capes for the carriage or the theater have white guipure lace laid smoothly around the edge, with scallops at the top. A short collarette of the velvet droops low from a high collar formed of black ostrich tips that curl outward from the neck. The lining is of white satin. Short capes for evening wear are of white cloth lined with yellow satin, with a still shorter shoulder cape and high collar, embroidered with white and yellow silk cords and bordered narrowly with dark brown fur of minks' tails. Cloth with long soft fleece, almost like fur, is used by Worth for coats and long redingotes. Handsome coats are of this green fleecy cloth with short Directoire fronts turning back in revers of Astrakhan fur from a fitted vest of Astrakhan. The long back with square cornered sides has a pointed yoke of Astrakhan with a cord of the fur extending down each of the three seams by which it is shaped to the figure. Very large sleeves of the cloth have small cuffs of fur. A turned over collar is of Astrakhan, and three large buttons covered with fur are set each side of the waist below the revers. A green and black shell-patterned brocade is the rich lining.

*

The long, crinkled Mongolian fur, which is naturally white, is dyed in many gray and brown shades, and made in long boas that are to be worn with various costumes. Other very becoming boas are of dark green or purplish-red cocks' plumes, full and bristling, or of multicolored pheasants' feathers, or else of impeyan feathers in changing metallic hues. Collarettes falling wide over the shoulders are made of *coq* and pheasants' plumes sewed to a foundation of cloth, then shaped full below, like a frill. One collar is of reddish feathers speckled with gray, and edged with a fringe of curled impeyan plumes. A round, low collar of the greenish-blue cock feathers falls full, as if of gathered stuff, and is bordered with black ostrich tips curled to imitate Astrakhan fur. LA MODE.

To My Last Rejected Lover.

For Saturday Night.

Yes, you are the last I rejected.
How well I remember the day,
'Twas the end of the month of September,
And you were soon going away.

You knelt beside me, and manfully
Told all your love for me;
Tenderly kissing a small, wee hand,
I didn't pretend to see.

At least you said it was little,
Too small to belong to me.
I long ago wanted to have it
Ere you went across the sea.

But you know that I wouldn't listen,
And just turned my head away;
Still you were a lover in earnest,
And said all you had to say.

You told me how long you had loved me,
And asked me to be your wife;
To share in your joys and your sorrows,
To be yours till the end of life.

Of course I was most astonished;
I gave a determined "No."
How sadly you dropped that little hand,
And then you arose to go.

And I—it was very foolish:
I don't understand it at all,
But I think I must have done something,
For you stopped ere you reached the hall.

You said: "I am sorry I've grieved you.
Don't worry; I'm going away."
But, with a sob, I gave answer:
"Oh! Gerald, don't go—you may stay."

So you are the last I rejected,
For to-morrow I'll be your wife,
To share in your joys and your sorrows,
To be yours till the end of life.

MARJORIE E. FOTHERINGAY.

New Books

The National Publishing Company of Toronto having secured the Canadian copyright of Walter Besant's new novel, The Ivory Gate, has just issued it in paper and cloth. It appears in London and Toronto simultaneously, and will come out in New York a little later. Besant is one of the best writers of fiction, and The Ivory Gate, from a cursory glance, appears to be in his best vein. It will be promptly sought for in the bookstores by those who make any pretense of following current fiction.

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Cloth Skirts, heavy, with frill, $1 75, $2.
Sheet Silk Skirts, garnet, tan, gray, lined with flannel, $3.
Silk Skirts with frill, flannel lined, $6, $7 50.
Fancy striped Satin Skirts with frill, flannel lined, $6 50, $7 50.
Black quilted Satin, $6, $8 50.
Knitted Skirts, fancy striped, 50c., 65c., 75c., $1, $1 15, $1 25, $1 50
Grey Flannel Skirts, $1, $1 25.

Ask to see a special line of knitted skirts, bought out of the regular channels of trade and ticketed 65c — very cheap goods. Flannelettes are well suited for night-gowns. Hear of some:

Children's Flannelette Night-gowns, three sizes, 45c., 50c., 55c.
Misses' Flannelette Night-gowns, 69c., $1, $1 25.
Ladies' Flannelette Night gowns, three sizes, 60c., 70c., 75c.
Children's Flannel Drawers, plain, five sizes, 35c., 40c., 45c., 50c., 55c.
Children's Flannel Drawers, embroidered, five sizes, 60c., 65c., 75c., 80c
Ladies' Flannel Drawers, embroidered, 75c., 90c., $1.

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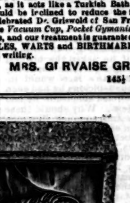

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TWICE LOST:

A Tale of Love and Fortune.

By RICHARD DOWLING,

Author of "The Hidden Flame," "Fatal Bonds," "Tempest Driven," "A Baffling Quest," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE "AGONY COLUMN."

The passage in the newspaper which made Frank Jeaters drop in his chair with consternation, stood at the head of the "agony column," and ran:

"If Mary (Pollie) Jeaters (*nee* Stebbing) will communicate with J. C., care of Markham & Co., advertising agents, Fleet street, she may hear of something to her advantage."

Here was a soul quaking advertisement! His wife's name in print anywhere was terrifying, but in the "agony column" of a morning paper, the *Daily Telegraph*, which hundreds of thousands of people in London had already seen, was enough to make reason totter and the heart stand still.

It would be better for a man to be arrested at once, to be tried, to be hanged! Any fate, death itself, was preferable to this palpitating apprehensiveness—this freezing dread.

He rose. He would go out and give himself up to justice. What was the good of dying this lingering death! What was the good of waiting till the hangman ran him down! Better to meet the hangman half-way. Yes, he would go out and surrender at the nearest police station, the Verdon police station. What! Give himself up at the Verdon police station, just opposite St. Vincent itself, where the policeman taking him to the door could point over the way and say: "Do you mean to tell us you did that deed there!"

No, no! Not at Verdon. Better at Furham.

At Furham! Good heavens; give himself up under the eyes of that town, that other who, unknowing, had—had—had led him on! Led him on! Led him on! Was this what the woman he wanted to lead him on had led him to? Good heavens!

Accused be that picture of Lady Hamilton which first gave form in his young eyes the thought that he must have a glorified leader! a glorified woman to lead him through the portal to success, through the door from obscurity to fame!

Accused be that picture of that bold woman leading the great hero to victory! But had she led him to victory or to disgrace? And had the hero made the victory himself and come to lay the laurel crown at her bold, bad feet? And he, Frank Jeaters, had made no victory, had strode in no triumph between the trumpeters with the laurel around his brows! He had no fillet to lay at the pure feet of that glorious girl but the hangman's cincture! He, Frank Jeaters, had begun at the wrong end. He had wanted the plaudits, the triumph, his portion of the spoils before the clangor of the onset, the fighting and the wounds.

And now what was he to do? To go forth with his eyes on his feet and his hands on his wrists, and give himself up to the public hangman! He, Frank Jeaters, give himself up to the public hangman! He, Frank Jeaters, give himself up to the public hangman—for what! In the name of madness, for what!

He burst into a laugh, and began walking up and down the deserted coffee room.

"It would be more fitting," he muttered, "for me to go to Bedlam, and ask them to allot me quarters there as a man afflicted with suicidal mania, who needs to be guarded against feloniously making an end of himself with the hangman's knot."

He had for the moment exhausted his capacity for torture, and a waiter bringing in his breakfast, he drove his mind from the cause of his terrors and forced himself to think of his meal as though it was a matter of prime importance. He had little appetite, nevertheless he went through the motions of eating as though famishing. He praised and blamed what the waiter had brought, and forced himself into a conversation with the man. This talk with the waiter brought to his notice a startling fact: he was no longer familiar with the sound of his own voice.

This was a very disquieting discovery. It gave him a shock. Was any material change taking place within him, and would the growth or change presently become manifest to him by some other external sign?

All at once he put these fears at rest by remembering he had been speaking little in his ordinary voice for days, and he told himself that the strangeness was not in his voice, but in the ears. From intense concentration of mind and long silence, his ears had grown strange to his own ears. That was all. To others his voice would sound unchanged.

The waiter placed the newspaper beside him on the table and retired. He glanced at it now with the eye of a man who walks smiling by day through the churchyard, where he stood quaking and terrified the night before. He now remembered hearing of an old rich uncle in America, a man who had sent her a ring a few years ago. No doubt the old man was dead, and had left his niece another ring. Anyway, he was not going to answer J. C.'s advertisement, and there was now no one else to do so; for, he always understood from her that she was alone in the world, save for this old uncle on the top of the Cordilleras or at the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico. Indeed, if she had not known she was alone in England, he would not have married her at all even then, notwithstanding her gentle trustfulness, her confiding charm and the sweet delicate grace of her face and form in those old days.

Well, he had better not think of the matter at all, and as the waiter had gone and he had exorcised the bogie from the newspaper, the best way to keep his mind off unpleasant matters was to read while he ate.

Before he could open the paper he started up from his chair with a curse upon his stupidity. If the outside of the newspaper had power to shock him, how might it not be with the inside!

He went to the window, and with trembling hands opened the *Telegraph*. His feverish eyes scanned column after column of the sheet, and at last he dropped it with a sigh of relief. In the paper was no mention to alarm the most timorous. If anything had been discovered the press knew nothing yet of the discovery. Even if what had fallen into the flames were to be rendered up, no means of identification now existed, since the bar of the railing had torn off the marked portion of the gown, and he had secured and destroyed that fragment. He was as safe from danger of the kind he dreaded as though he had never seen Hortense on the St. Vincent Hotel at Verdon.

But when one was safe and in no hurry, that was the time to make security doubly certain. He resolved on a plan of cutting himself off completely from the past.

He went out and took his way on foot to New Cross. He entered an auctioneer's and said he wanted a private interview with the principal. When he and the auctioneer were alone, Jeaters began:

"There are reasons (connected with rates and taxes and the water company) why I wish the affair I should like to entrust to you kept perfectly quiet. May I rely on secrecy?"

"Oh, perfectly, if I am satisfied the thing is all right," said the auctioneer, taking note of his visitor's strange looks.

"It is perfectly right. I have been clerk-in-charge of the St. Vincent Hotel, Verdon. When I took up the place I furnished two rooms; I am about to resign the position and I want you to take away my things and sell them for me." He was nervous and not at ease.

The auctioneer, a shrewd-eyed, black-haired man, stroked his beard and looked keenly at his unknown client. "The property you wish me to remove and sell is, of course, your own?"

"Oh, certainly. This is my card, and I can get you authority for the removal of the furniture from the office of the St. Vincent Company, Queen Victoria street, if you wish it."

"Well, it would be all the better if we had the authority you speak of," said the auctioneer slowly, stroking his beard again and looking as though he had grave doubts about the affair.

"You will excuse my asking you a question—you see I have not the advantage of knowing you or of getting an introduction to you—"

"I have no introduction, it is true, but I give you as a reference Mr. Hilliers, Secretary of the St. Vincent Hotel Company, Queen Victoria street, City," said Jeaters, with a little impatience. He was anxious to get done with this part of the business and take himself away. The cool level business manner and tone of the auctioneer seemed to savor of suspicion.

"Excellent," said the auctioneer, closing his hands with the tips of his fingers together in a meditative attitude. "But may I ask why I enjoy your favor in this matter? There are several more respectable auctioneers in Verdon. Of course, the whole thing is perfectly regular. I merely curiously ask why I owe your favor to the recommendation of a friend or to my advertisements in the newspapers."

"To your advertisements in the papers," said Jeaters, who had never to his knowledge seen the man's name and could not now tell what it was. "The reason why I come so far as New Cross is the same as that given you just now. I do not want the company to have any bother with the rate collectors, and the company, if I should get any auctioneer in Verdon to arrange the affair for me there would be gossip in Verdon about the matter and the collectors would be down on the company. That's the explanation why I came so far and asked you to keep the matter private. Of course, if you have the slightest objection," said he, rising, "I shall go elsewhere."

"A business man," said the auctioneer, dismissing his air of caution, "is always willing and anxious to do business at a profit if the business is regular. But you will, my dear sir, recognize the wisdom of my position. I shall in this case be happy to do the best I can for you. You wish the furniture removed to my mart and included in my next sale."

"Precisely," said Jeaters, catching in his relief the auctioneer's hand and shaking it.

"And you will send me the authority from the company at Queen Victoria street?"

"This afternoon. I am now going straight there." He dropped the auctioneer's hand and backed towards the door.

The auctioneer followed to see him out, and said with a pleasant smile, "By the way, Mr. Jeaters, if the newspapers have been the means of introducing my name to you, they have also been the means of introducing your name to me. Your name is in all the papers this morning."

"Eh! What!" cried Jeaters, starting back aghast, and seizing the open door for support. "They haven't found her! I saw the *Telegraph*, and it wasn't in that. In what paper is the account of the finding!"

The auctioneer stepped back a pace and looked at his visitor with amazement. This strengthened suspicion. "You seem greatly put out. What is the matter!" he asked, stroking his beard, and musing in his mind that there was something very wrong indeed with this handsome, worn, anxious looking young man, into whose eyes had sprung such a weft and quaking terror at his simple speech.

"What do you mean by making acquaintance with my name through the papers? What do you mean by my name being in all the papers to-day? You shouldn't say such a thing if you have no meaning in it."

The auctioneer stepped to the table, and taking up some newspapers pointed to the agony columns, saying, "Mr. Jeaters, your name is not a common one. I never met a man bearing it before. Your advertisement is in all the morning papers to-day. Whether they have found the missing lady I cannot tell. Perhaps you are interested in her?"

With a great effort Jeaters recovered himself, and said, forcing a smile, "No; I am not interested in—the lady. I know nothing of that advertisement or the person to whom it refers. As you say, my name is not a common one, and owning a name that is not common may often give a certain advantage to a person; if anyone hears of your name in an unpleasant or damaging connection, everyone thinks the person spoken of is you."

"Happily," said the auctioneer, bowing, "I do not make the acquaintance of your name in any unpleasant or damaging connection. It is entirely from the papers that this Mrs. Jeaters, once known as Stebbing, is a person one would wish to know just now, since it looks as if she had fallen into a fortune."

"Oh, perhaps so. Perhaps so," said Jeaters, who had by this time recovered himself and felt more at his ease than when entering the office. "I own to not liking my name. It doesn't look pretty in writing or print; and it hasn't a pretty sound. When I was at school I used to terribly chaffed about its being so like cheaters and I became over-sensitive about it. Even to this day I prefer not to hear the sound of it, and I have never until this moment seen it in print. Besides all this, I may tell you privately that I have a brother who is a great trouble to me, and who may be expected to disgrace me at any moment. Good morning. I'll post you the authority from town. By the way," said he, turning back from the front door, "you know my name and I do not know yours."

"Mason is mine," said the other. As Jeaters went hastening out the auctioneer stood stroking his beard and looking after his newest customer, thinking "That is a man to be cautious with, if ever there was one. What is he doing with him? That is a sick and half story about his school day- and his brother and his name. I'd bet a fiver he does know something about Mrs. Jeaters advertised for. And then to think of his saying he got my name through my advertisements, and just now he talked as if he never saw my name in print that he had forgotten it! He had never heard it at all! Why, there is nothing to be thought of him but that he is half mad or whole mad—or that he is in terrible fear of something in connection with himself or his name. The furniture of two rooms cannot be the cause of his conditions, otherwise as he gave me the head office as a reference. Well, we shall see what we shall see; but it strikes me there is something far from commonplace about the man and his visit."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GIRL'S BRIDAL DRESS.

Frank Jeaters was a temperate man, but early as it was in the day he felt he needed a stimulant after his interview with the auctioneer. He turned into a public-house and ordered brandy and soda. He lit a cigar and for the first few minutes abandoned himself to the pleasant reflection that he had escaped.

Yes, he had escaped, though he did not stay to enquire from what. The feeling of deliverance was a blessed sensation to be enjoyed in unquestioning gratitude. He was experiencing the pleasure of perils passed, and in such a state of mind there always arises a feeling of being favored by fate. If fate meant destruction, why had not fate taken him by the throat and flung him into the abyss? It was delicious to sit here safe and sound out of the pawing surf which had boiled, eager to engulf him a few moments ago.

After a while this feeling of peaceful protection began to die away, and was followed by the uneasy consciousness that he was respited, not reprieved. He became restless and watched the door. Until now he had not thought of watching the door. Until now he did not realize that danger might approach him unawares. Until now it did not occur to him that anyone or anything, that the police or justice might be pursuing him, might then be on his track, coming him down, close at hand, on the threshold.

He would sit here no longer waiting for horrible thoughts, inviting horrible thoughts to come and enter. On leaving the hotel where he stopped the night before, he had decided upon a course, and he would follow that course no matter whither it led—to an island of beauty and peace or to the bottomless ocean.

He rose and left the place. He took the train to London Bridge, and on his arrival got into an omnibus and set his teeth for the crossing of the water. Inside could not be so bad as outside, and he felt a strange satisfaction in telling himself his nerves were more firm and his whole nature stronger than when he essayed this journey before.

On his way over the river he kept his eyes fixed on the floor of the omnibus and clenched his hands and counted at the top of his speed through his set teeth. When he got was passed he felt for the second time this morning that he was safe.

He raised his eyes and looked around him. It was a blessed sight to see the thousands of busy people hurrying up and down through the city. It was a blessed thing to know that he had left Verdon six or seven miles behind him: It was like coming home from exile in desperate lands to feel the city once more around him.

He entered the lofty building where the offices of the St. Vincent Company were, mounted the stairs, and asked Hilliers. The secretary, an active, stout, low-sized, pleasant faced, grizzled man of fifty, saw him at once.

"My dear Hilliers," said Jeaters, "I have come to resign my position as clerk-in-charge."

"To resign!" cried Hilliers in surprise and disappointment. "What is the matter? You do not look up to much."

"Well, I found the barracks too lonely. I could not stand it. It will do for my day and I could not sleep at night. I got a little furniture in the place, and as people may not take my word for the sleeing nights, I want you to give me a written authority for taking them away."

"All right," said the secretary, "but I am sorry. You know I never thought of the place as anything but the small end of the wedge for you. What do you intend doing with yourself now?"

"I am not quite sure yet, but I shall let you know. I will write you when I know myself. Will you put anyone in my place?"

"I dare say we shall be obliged to find an ordinary caretaker, but at the moment I am not sure. What! Are you going already? Can you not stay and lunch with me here? You look as if you wanted rousing up or something. What is the matter with you? I never saw you so much out of sorts before."

"Oh, I'll be all right in a day or two. It is only the loneliness and the want of sleep. Good day."

"By the way, Jeaters, if you only had the luck to be a married man you might have found that old rain less unbearable."

"Why!" said Jeaters, starting in spite of himself.

"Well, you wouldn't be so lonely, you know. I often wonder you don't marry. You are the very kind of fellow to pick up a lovely woman, or, better still, a rich one. A quiet fellow like you, too, would make a model husband. I wan I had a daughter or a marriageable sister, and then we could make your success a family affair."

"Ay," said Jeaters listlessly, "I may marry one day, but not just now. I don't feel in a marrying humor, to-day, at all events," he added grimly.

"You don't look it, I must say. What made me think of it now was that there is an advertisement for a woman of your name in the agony columns of all the papers to-day. Did you see it?"

"No. It can have nothing to do with me. I am the only Jeaters of my family, and I have no wife."

"Of course I know you have no wife. I was merely reminded of your bachelorhood by the advertisement. It looks as if some Mrs. Jeaters had fallen in for a slice of good luck."

"I don't know any Mrs. Jeaters who has fallen in for a slice of good luck," said Jeaters wearily, with but half attention, like a man in a dream.

"All right. Here's the authority for you to remove your furniture. Let me have a line from you soon, and go to some pleasant place for a few days. You look quite run down."

Jeaters felt listless and weary. He had moments of absolute blank in his mind. He knew he had carried out only a part of his programme, and that he should have to complete sale till all had been done. When deciding on the scheme for adoption, he told himself that if any of it were to be carried out it must all be carried out. He knew that if there is one imperfect link in the chain cable of a ship the chain is worse than useless; it deceives with a false assurance of security. Nothing would have pleased him more than to take Hilliers' advice and run away from London, down to Bournemouth or Boulogne, for a sight of the quieting sea and deliverance from the slimy Thames. But he could not even fancy himself leaving London. Invisible hands held him there. He could not even imagine the time when he might be free to go away from the stifling town. It seemed to him he was destined to spend all the remainder of his days wandering forlorn through its busy, dusty streets, filled with strange faces, faces which at any moment might become the faces of purblind, revengeful, implacable, ruthless foes.

How great a change had come over all the people he passed. Of old they used to look familiar and friendly. It had seemed to the half forgotten days, which were in reality only a week back, he could go up to any of these hurrying men, accost him familiarly, and be certain of a polite—nay, friendly reception. Now the faces of the men had grown strange, and he dreaded that if he asked the blithest and most debonair a simple question—say the hour or the way, that man's face would instantly darken with the suspicions he had seen on Mason's or the ruddy countenance he had noticed grown on Hilliers'. Why should these people look so strange and so much like men who would give him cause to fear?

It might have been better had he stayed for luncheon with Hilliers, and yet he couldn't; and now it was luncheon time, or dinner time, and he felt desolately lonely. He went into a restaurant and eat. That might restore the friendly look to the faces of people and give him the sense of being familiar with the world of warm realities, instead of moving through a misty valley full of dreary shadows and shifting ghosts.

He sought a restaurant and prescribed for himself an ample meal, on the principle that food helped thought and gave heaviness to life when life had become too vaporous. This was at least the ostensible reason to himself. But he kept deliberately hidden from himself another reason, which he did not even confront or even acknowledge. To perfect his scheme of cutting off the past, finally and for ever, there remained to be done a poor simple thing of which he stood in unreasoning, unjust dread, whose postponement was really the object of the meal.

He ate and drank with deliberation, delaying the operation by great slowness, and by twice sending away an unfit food he knew would be perfectly acceptable to any man but one who wanted to kill time. At last the end came and then he rose and adopted a brisk and decisive manner. He paid the bill and gave the waiter sixpence to make up for the unreasonable trouble he had caused. Then he jumped into a hansom and drove to London Bridge and took train to Verdon.

He went quickly from the station to the St. Vincent Hotel, and let himself in at the side door leading into the yard. At the brisk step he crossed the yard and entered the great hall by the back door, by the door on which Pollie had hesitated with such dire foreboding a few days ago.

He did not pause on the threshold. He must not pause to think. He had a poor, pitiful thing to do, and it must be done now and thoroughly.

He crossed the great hall and went into the little sitting-room with the bread of a man entering a conquered town and determined to use the full power of his victory.

With firm hands he opened all the cupboards and drawers, and took out of them the food and table linen. He laid the colored table cloth on the floor, and flung into it the few books, and emptied into it the contents of Pollie's desk, finding among her treasures some well worn love letters of his own. An old straw hat of hers lay on the floor under a chair. He crushed it into the heap. A work bag and work basket, gifts of his to her he threw upon the pile. Then photographs of her in velvet frames added to the litter. Everything that had been here, either in personal use or personal charge, or her own in any particular sense, he tossed upon the pile, and when all this was gathered he tied the four corners of the cloth together and dragged the bundle out into the hall.

In the great hall he rested a while against the wall, and muttered through his set teeth:

"She was my wife, and I loved her in a way once. I cannot destroy the furniture, but nothing that was here shall be profaned by other hands."

He paused and looked around as if to catch spoken words imperfectly heard. "Everything," he said, looking about with a strange, scared face, "except her poor weak body that was once my wife. I have pity for these things; I had none for that body of hers, which was once so fair, and is now—. O, God! I must not think! I am in fear my reason whole and keep my own body out of the condemned cell."

With a loud sob he flung his arms wildly round his head and dashed into the bed-room. Here with frantic haste he tore down the curtains and laid them on the floor as he had laid the table cloth in the sitting-room. All the toilette articles of the dressing-table, all the clothes out of the presses and drawers he piled up in a chaotic mass on the curtains on the floor.

A large trunk in the corner was locked and resisted his attempts to break it open with his feet or hands. He did not know what was kept in that trunk. He had no curiosity in such matters. He had not seen that trunk open for a long time. The delay provoked him. He persuaded himself into a fury against that trunk. Fury, any kind of violent feeling against anything was better than striding about this ruin he was here making, and thinking of the ruin her life had been.

He darted away to where the coal was kept, and came back brandishing a hammer over his head as though it were vengeance on a malignant and implacable foe. He smote the lock a terrible blow, which sent it flying round in glittering splinters. He tore up the lid, and if before his infuriated eyes, the girl's bridal dress!

"White and spotless as she was the day she came to me!" he whispered. "White and spotless as she was the day she gave herself to me, and the dress is here and she is—"

With an oath and a yell he raised the great trunk and shook out its contents on the heap in the middle of the floor.

"Curse the folly of such things," said he. "Curse the folly of keeping such things! They are made in folly and preserved for torture."

He ripped up the corners of the curtain, and with frantic hands and steaming face dragged the second bundle out into the hall.

In one of the two great hearths of the hall he made a fire, and then unclasp the bundles, flung the contents of them, one after the other, into the flames. He spared nothing. To the last, all the things that had been her own or closely associated with her, he burned, flinging the curtains and the tablecloth in last of all.

When there remained only smouldering ashes, he folded his arms across his breast, and, kicking the charred mass, said softly: "This is the funeral pyre of my past. Out of it I shall rise a new man. I am free! I am free!"

He went into the parlor to see that his work had been thorough. Nothing of her was left there.

He strode into the bed-room. Nothing telling of her was here. Everything had been swept away and consumed—everything but one small silver article which had dropped out of the trunk that held her wedding clothes, and escaped from the bundle as he dragged it out. He stooped and picked up the bridal trinket. "It is the silver bouquet-holder I gave her on her wedding morning for her bridal bouquet," was his thought.

He touched the stem. "She held it here," he whispered, "in her white, soft hand that day; and as we walked down the church she did not keep my arm, but changed the bouquet from her white, soft hand that lay on my arm, and put that white, soft hand in mine, a token that the hand was henceforth mine. That action of hers filled my heart with pity and love, and made something swell in my throat. No hand but hers has touched this trinket since. No hand shall ever touch it again."

He went to the back of the hall and opened a window. He raised the bouquet-holder to his lips, kissed it reverently, and dropped it into the river.

"Now we are parted for ever," he whispered. At that moment the rumbling of a vehicle sounded in Sir. Vincent's yard.

"What is that?" he whispered, turning pale. "No wheels have been in St. Vincent place since we came here."

The sound of wheels ceased. They had stopped at the main door.

"What does this mean? In heaven's name, what does this mean!" he whispered piteously through his white lips.

A loud knocking sounded at the door. A loud voice shouted: "Open! Open!"

"What can this mean?" he whispered, staggering against the wall. "I thought we were parted for ever, she and I! Are we to meet again!—here! O, God, are we to meet again here! Are they going to carry her poor body in and lay it down before the ashes of her wedding dress are cold?"

Again the loud knocking sounded and the voice cried: "Open! Open!"

(To be Continued.)

His Desire.

Warden (kindly)—As this day after to morrow is your birthday, I intend to allow you some little innocent recreation as a reward for your faithful observation of the rules. What would you prefer?

Convict (modestly)—I should like to participate in a foot-race, if you please.

In the Front Row.

Hokes—I saw old Sportson at a revival the other night.

Stokes—By Jove! You don't say so. He must have got religed.

Hokes—Well, it was the revival of the Black Crook.

She Was Mercenary.

Miss Coopah—'Lige, how much yo' dun made dis week whitewashin'?

Lige—'Fo' de Lawd! yo's de mos' mercinary gal I known, yo' is. I bellebe now yo's marryin' me fo' mah money.

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Saved by a Hair.

It was a dark and stormy night without, and I drew my chair closer to the fire as I sipped my tea and regaled myself with the news of the local paper. As the storm and sleet rattled furiously against the window and pedestrians hurried by, anxious to reach a place of shelter, I felt thankful that I was not obliged to leave my comfortable home for the night.

"What's this?" I said, as my eye alighted on a startling paragraph.

"Mysterious murder! Mr. John Randolph, one of our old and wealthy citizens, was this morning found dead in his room, having been murdered during the night by some unknown person. Edgar Morton, a clerk in his employ, and who, reports say, was soon to be married to his daughter, has been arrested for the murder, and circumstances are said to be strongly against him."

Now, although I am usually among the first to hear of criminal news, from the nature of my business, this was the first intimation I had received that such a murder had been done. This seemed very strange, as I was on the very best of terms with Mr. Randolph and his whole family.

"And so this is the way that Edgar Morton repays the benefactor of his youth and soon-to-be father! Yet no," I cried. "I will stake my life that young man's innocence.

As I spoke there came a gentle tap at the door, followed almost immediately by the entrance of a lady deeply veiled, who at once threw aside her veil, disclosing to me the features of my deceased friend's daughter, Cecilia Randolph.

"Excuse me, Mr. Ferguson, for entering uninvited, but urgent business must be my only excuse."

"Be seated, Miss Randolph," I said, rising and handing her a chair.

"Oh, Mr. Ferguson!" she sobbed forth, burying her face in her hands, "that I should ever be obliged to come to you on such an errand as this!"

I endeavored to quiet her, and partially succeeded, when I drew from her what facts she knew regarding her father's death.

"He retired last night at the usual hour, apparently in good spirits, and no sound was heard during the night to cause any alarm. In the morning, as he failed to appear at breakfast, a servant was despatched to summon him. Knocking at the door and receiving no answer, he finally opened it and advanced into the room. What a sight did he then behold! My poor father lay upon his bed, with his throat cut from ear to ear! Death must have come to him suddenly—so suddenly as to prevent any outcry—and the unknown assassin had no trouble in making his escape."

"But," I said, "I can't see why anyone should suspect Edgar of the murder."

"That is the most mysterious part of the sad affair. This morning, when Edgar was told of the murder he turned very pale, reeled, and would have fallen to the ground had not support been given him. Some of the ignorant beholders of this scene thought his actions denoted guilt, and an officer was summoned, who at once insisted on searching his room. A razor, on which were several spots of blood, was found concealed under the carpet, together with an old suit of clothes belonging to Edgar, which was bespattered with blood. This was considered sufficient evidence to warrant his arrest, and he now lies in jail charged with the foul crime of murder. Oh, Mr. Ferguson, if you can do anything to save him, and at the same time bring the guilty perpetrator of the deed to justice, I will amply reward you."

"Do you know of any enemies of your father or of Edgar, who would be likely to commit such a crime, either for robbery or revenge?" I asked.

"Oh," she replied, "it was not done for robbery, as everything in the room was as my father left it the night before. His watch and pocketbook, the latter containing a good sum of money, were found under his pillow, where he always placed them; so that the crime must have been committed to gratify a fiendish thirst for revenge."

"Now, then, who of all your acquaintances could do such a thing?"

"I cannot possibly say. My father had not an enemy in the world, to my knowledge, or Edgar either—unless, perhaps, it might be Conrad Smithers, my father's bookkeeper and head clerk. But it would be impossible for him to do such a deed."

"What reason have you for suspecting that he is not Edgar's friend?"

"Only this: Some time ago Conrad, whom we have always regarded as one of the family, proposed for my hand, and I told him it was not mine to give.

"I suspected as much," he muttered. Then, while his face grew dark as night and his features assumed an appearance perfectly fearful, he continued: "But you shall never become the wife of Edgar Morton while I have life to prevent it!

"He then turned and abruptly left me. I was much alarmed and thought of speaking to my father about it, but during the afternoon he returned and begged my forgiveness for the words he had used, and made such profuse signs of sorrow in regard to them that I freely forgave him and have since thought no more of the matter."

"The fact is quite clear to me," I said. "I know this fellow well and the sort of company he keeps and I shall not be surprised to find that he committed the murder. Now, then, I want to see the body of your father and the room in which the deed was done."

"Well, Mr. Ferguson," she said, rising and preparing to accompany me, "you will find everything as it was when first discovered. The officer decided not to disturb anything until after the inquest, which takes place to-morrow forenoon."

Wrapping myself up in my great-coat, we set out, and, after a brisk walk of ten minutes, reached the handsome residence of my companion. I was at once shown to the room of the murdered man, and then began making such an examination as only a detective knows how to make. Circumstances of the most trivial character, which would be overlooked by an ignorant person, are often seized upon by a skilful detective, and sometimes constitute the most damaging evidence of guilt. In this case, however, everything had been done in the most skilful manner, and I could not succeed in making any discovery.

I was about to leave the room in despair when, glancing toward the bed, I noticed what appeared to be a slight scratch on the neck of the murdered man just above the gaping wound which had so cruelly let out his life's blood. On examination I found it to be nothing more than a hair, which had in some manner probably become loosened from the head of the assassin and had settled on the neck of the victim, where it now lay, a silent yet truthful witness, pointing out the guilty wretch to the eye of justice. The hair was of a deep red color, which was totally unlike that of any of the household. It was, indeed, the same color and shade as that of Conrad Smithers.

I placed it carefully in my pocketbook, and saying nothing to anyone of my discovery, started for the residence of Smithers, intent on doing a little acting. I found him, as his attendant said, ill in bed and on no account must he be disturbed.

"This sickness is but a stratagem," I thought, "to divert suspicion."

Telling the woman that I wanted to see him but for a moment on the most urgent business, she finally reluctantly consented to my entrance. I found him lying upon a bed, apparently in great pain. In my youth I had studied medicine, and was consequently well informed in such matters, and I saw at once, with a quick glance, that he was only feigning sickness. He started up somewhat angrily as I entered, but I silenced him with a motion of my head.

"Conrad Smithers, this is a desperate game you are playing, but it will avail you nothing."

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed, springing to his feet, his illness all gone.

"I mean that the game is up and the murderer of John Randolph is discovered."

Thrown completely off his guard, as I anticipated, he sank into a chair and burying his face in his hands sobbed out:

"Lost, lost!"

"Do you confess the murder, then?"

"I do," he answered, "now that the concealment is no longer of use."

"I took him at once into custody and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him change places with Edgar Morton.

Conrad Smithers was tried for the murder, and knowing that any defence would be useless after his confession to me, he pleaded guilty and threw himself upon the mercy of the court, which sentenced him to imprisonment for life.

It needs scarcely to be explained that the villain Smithers had found an opportunity of visiting Edgar Morton's room in his absence, and possessed himself of the razor and the articles of clothing. After the commission of the murder, he had returned to the apartment, and deposited the blood-stained evidences of his crime, thus incriminating Edgar.

About a year after, I received an invitation to the wedding of Cecilia Randolph and Edgar Morton, who live most happily together and never cease thanking me that Edgar was saved by a hair.

The Bushwhacker.

He stands at the door of a tumble-down log cabin, a long Kentucky rifle on his arm, and looks up and down the path which winds through the woods like the trail of a serpent. The rifle has been freshly cleaned and loaded. The man is ragged, long haired and old. The locks falling down from the edge of his coonskin cap are almost white. His eyes have a dangerous gleam in them, but his face shows neither smile nor frown. It is stonelike—unreadable. Let him but close his eyes and the face would seem to have been carved by some rough hand from flinty rock.

"Gwine, Tom!"

It is a woman, who steps outdoors and utters the query. Her face is sallow, her frame large and bony, and her eyes rove about and rest nowhere for more than two or three seconds at a time. She asks the question without interest or anxiety. He answers without seeming to be aware of her presence:

"Yes, reckon to go."

A child looking up into their faces would instantly shrink away. A physiognomist would stand aghast. An unfortunate wayfarer would look in vain for trace of pity, charity, or even mercy. Faces of stone—hearts of iron.

"Gwine to kill mo' of 'em?"

"Reckon to."

She sat down on a log, leaned her elbows on her knees, and rested her chin on her hands and looked away into the woods. He dropped his rifle to the earth, crossed his hands on the muzzle, and looked away down the path toward the mountain road. The squirrels chattered in the trees about them, the wild bees buzzed in the June sunshine, and the drumming of a partridge sounded loudly from the hill behind the cabin, but neither man nor woman seemed to be alive. Ten long minutes passed away, and than the man raised his head, lifted up his rifle and disappeared down the path without a look or a word.

"Him's gone," she whispered, but without turning her eyes or moving her head.

Ten minutes' walk took the man to the junction of the path and the highway. He turned to the right, followed the road about twenty rods and then secreted himself in a thicket. That road was little used by soldiers. Couriers and mail carriers who wanted to save distance came that way, and in the dark ravine at the bushwacker's back two corpses were now lying unburied.

"Drat 'em!" growled the man as three or four great buzzards came flying so close to him that their wings brushed the tops of the bushes; but after a moment he knelt down behind a decaying log, rested the barrel of his rifle across it, and gave the buzzards no further attention. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed away. There had been only three or four of the great birds at first; their numbers increased on it there seemed to be thirty flying above him. Not one of them uttered a sound. There was a "swish" of wings as they circled about the thicket, but never a croak nor cry. It was a still hunt. The man waiting for the living—the buzzards seeking to locate the dead.

Clickety click! Clickety click! It is the hoof beats of a horse up the road—the sound of his iron shoes striking against the stony surface. The buzzards lift themselves fifty feet higher and break their circle, but the man settles down and places his cheek against the rifle. It is a single horseman riding at a lope. He comes nearer and nearer, and the buzzards pause in their flight to look down on him. Of a sudden a flash of flame, a sharp report, a cry, and the horse galops madly away.

"Got one mo' fur suah!" mutters the bushwhacker as he drops his rifle and steps out to view the dead man and drag the body into the cover.

There is a rush of feet, a fierce yell, and he is surrounded by twenty soldiers, who cry out for his life. It is a detail who has been searching and watching, and they have him at last. He has not a word to say—betrays no fear. They tie his arms behind him and march him down the road to the path and up the path to the cabin. The woman sits there in the same position, except that her eyes are upon the path and the body of men. She knows what has happened—what will happen.

"Tom's bin got!" she whispered, but she does not betray the slightest excitement. She does not even rise to her feet until the officer in command looks her over and asks:

"Do you want to see him hung?"

"Reckon not."

"Then go!"

She is bareheaded and barefooted. She does not enter the cabin, but steps into the path, turns to the right, and the men watch her out of sight. There is no good bye, no tears, not even a backward look. She is hardly out of sight before the cabin is fired and a rope is about her husband's neck. He does not beg for his life, he does not defy them, he makes no sign. It is only when the men have tailed on to the free end of the rope to pull him up, and he is asked if he has anything to say that his lips are parted to utter the brief sentence

"Reckon not!"

Dead from strangulation—dead from a dozen bullets—dead and swinging like a pendulum in the smoke and flames of his rooftree, and as the woman, still traversing the path and half a mile away, heard the volley, she whispered to herself:

"Tom's buzzard meat now!"

A Nice Way of Putting It.

Lawyer—Now, sir; you say the burglar, after creeping in through the front window, began to walk slowly up the stairs, and yet you did not see him, although you were standing at the head of the stairs at the time. May I venture to enquire why you did not see him?

Principal Witness—Certainly, sir. The fact is, my wife was in the way.

A Certain Remedy.

Mrs. Goosberry—De chile done gone an' swollered 'r bottle 'r ink.

Doctor Gigiamps (newly graduated)—Ink—plain ordinary ink? Humph! This is easy. Oxalic acid will remove ink immediately. I'll write you a prescription for it.

The Vacant Post.

Howson Lott—I saw your wife yesterday and she said your servant girl had gone away on a vacation.

Morrison Essex—Yes. She went last week.

Howson Lott—Who is running the house in her absence?

Wasted Sarcasm

Barkeeper (observing that Fuller in pouring out his gin has filled his glass to over flowing)—That aint water you're drinking.

Fuller—Do I look like a man that would drink that much water?—*Judge.*

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Makes the Weak Strong

Does what no other blood-purifier in existence can do. It searches out the poisons of Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism, and Debility, and expels them harmlessly through the proper channels. It is the great health-restorer and health-maintainer. It purifies the blood, sharpens the appetite, strengthens the nerves, and invigorates the whole system. Dr. C. D. Moss, of Cabell C. H., W. Va., voices the experience of scores of eminent physicians, when he testifies: "I have used AYER'S Sarsaparilla with abundant success. In tubercular deposit and all forms of scrofulous disease, I have scarcely ever known it to fail. As an alterative, it is beyond all praise, both for old and young."

"I am convinced that after having been sick a whole year from liver complaint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. The best physicians being unable to help me, and having tried other medicines without benefit, I at last took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was cured."—Mary Schubert, Kansas City, Kans.

For Scrofula Catarrh Rheumatism Debility

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Has cured others, will cure you

All Fixed Up.

He had a great big satchel in his right hand and an umbrella in his left as he entered the drug store. When he had squared himself in front of the soda fountain he dropped the satchel with a thud and the umbrella with a clatter and said:

"Gimme sumthin' for the brain."

"Paosphate?" enquired the girl.

"You know best. I want sumthin' that will act as feeder fur the brain. I jest gin a feller twenty-shillin' gold piece in place of a penny, and I guess my brains is softenin' up."

She drew him a glass of phosphate and he made about three swallows of it. Then he put the glass down and asked:

"Got anythin' fur the nerves?"

"Yes."

"Gimme sumthin'. Feller jest kicked me off a hoss car and my nerves are right on the jump."

He downed the stuff without stopping to take breath, and as he lowered the glass he asked:

"Got anythin' here fur shivers?"

"We have calisaya."

"Gimme some. Policeman said he'd run me in, and cold shivers are galloping up and down my spine."

He drank this mixture with less haste, and after he had wiped off his chin he said:

"There orter to be sumthin' to brace up the hull system in general, but I don't know the name of it."

"We—we have tone," she replied.

"Then gimme some. I'm a goin' out to find that fellow who kicked me and gin him an awful lickin. Put in a heap of tone and not much froth."

He drank this with an occasional interval to ejaculate "Ah!" and appeared calmer as he said:

"I guess that will purty nigh fetch me, and I'll top off with somethin' to make me so hoplin' mad that nobody can hold me. Gimme some pineapple, lemon, vanilla, strawberry, vichy and cream, all shook up together."

He got what he asked for, and as he paid for the job lot and picked up his baggage he muttered:

"Brain all right—nerves all right—system all right, and I'm fightin' mad and ready to die! If I find that galoot—whiff!"—*New York Herald.*

Authorized Canadian edition. Stevenson's new romance, The Wrecker, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson's thrilling romance of the South Seas, is universally pronounced the most absorbing piece of fiction of the year, while appearing in *Scribner's Magazine.* The National Publishing Company.

Questionable Fame.

Mr. Roseberry—Dis yere Chris'pher Kerlumus mus 'r been 'r pow'ful smart sort 'r chap.

Mr. Dowson (contemptuously)—Smart! 'Ef he'd comed over yere an' discovered Philadelphy or even 'r place as big as Hoboken, yo' might talk; but when it comes to findin' such a moust'ous place oh de yearth as dis yere country, why—er—huh!—why he couldn't hev helped findin' it if he'd 'r tried.

Magnificent New Vestibule Pullman Sleepers, Toronto to New York.

The Erie Railway have had the Pullman Palace Car Company build two of the finest Pullman sleepers that ever run between Toronto and New York. Every person who ever traveled in a Pullman sleeper will agree with us their equal cannot be found for convenience and comfort. The interior of these cars are handsomely decorated and lighted with all the latest improvements, such as pintsch gas and finished in gold plush, drawing-room with annex, ladies' toilet-room with double washroom, with portiers, hot and cold water, and a well stocked buffa in every sleeper. The scenery along this picturesque route cannot be equaled in the Eastern States. By traveling via this great route you avoid being smothered in soft coal cinders and dust along the road, as they burn nothing but hard coal. Every foot of the road is stone ballast. You must also remember this is also a double track road. The above sleepers leave Toronto at 4.55 p.m., daily, except Sundays.

Kept Home.

Cecil—Wegy, old chap, where is Algy?

Wegy—The poor fellow couldn't come to-night.

Cecil—Why, whatevah is the trouble?

Wegy—His man forgot to have his undergarments cweased.

Off Duty.

Officer Holleran (off duty, to his visitor)—Sure, Dinny, ol hov th' dotnest plahtol on th' premises. It's lots more 'n a foiree.

Casey—It's afraid Ol'd t'ink yez wud be wid th' child, playin' wid it on th' flure, there.

Officer Holleran—Niver fear, Dinny. It's impty it is. Ol shot a bit av a kitten on th' shtreet befoor Ol kem in.

So Much for His Looks.

He wouldn't pay his bills and he imagined he resembled the late Daniel Webster. The grievance was a fault, the latter an eccentricity and a decidedly weak point with the man of whom I write.

On his office wall hung a large picture of Daniel Webster, and while the lawyer drew legal documents it was his wont to frequently look at the picture, as if for inspiration, draw a sigh of contentment as he saw the resemblance, and continue with the writing of "the party of the first part" in an action against "the party of the second part."

It was the picture of Daniel Webster that led the lawyer finally to settle an old bill, and unconsciously at that. The creditors were a half dozen colored people who had at various times cleaned the lawyer's office and tried to arrange his legal papers in a condition bordering on "orderly."

But when they demanded their money the lawyer had the faculty of putting off the payment that was exceedingly discouraging to the creditors. In fact, the payment was delayed so long that the claims were finally consolidated and placed in the hands of a collector. The collector was told of the lawyer's weakness and his delight at being told of his resemblance to the picture of Webster suspended on his office wall. On this fact the collector based his hopes of success.

He went to the lawyer's office and while waiting for an audience with the man of legal lore stood gazing at the picture of Webster and then at the lawyer. The latter watched the collector meanwhile from beneath his heavy eyebrows.

"Well, what do you think of it?" queried the lawyer of the collector, glancing at the picture.

"Splendid, splendid," replied the man with the bill. "You couldn't have a better picture; the artist caught your expression perfectly," and the collector fingered the bill in his pocket.

"Think it looks like me, eh?"

"Looks like you! Well, it's simply perfect."

"Well, sir, that's a picture of Daniel Webster, and the lawyer he had with intense satisfaction and pleasure and asked what he could do for the visitor. The collector said he wanted to collect twenty dollars and seventy cents, and the lawyer sat down and wrote his check. Rising from his seat and handing the check to the collector, the lawyer rubbed his hands together and said: "And so you think Webster looked like me?"

"Oh, yes," replied the collector, as he opened the office, "about as much as he did like me," and the door went to with a bang.

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For SICK HEADACHE,

Dizziness, or Swimming in the Head, Wind Pain, and Spasms at the Stomach, Pains in the Back, Chests, and Limbs, and Fixed Pains in the Body, Rheumatism, etc.

Take four, five or even six of Beecham's Pills, and in nine cases out of ten, they will give relief in twenty minutes; for the pill will go direct to the seat of the cause, the nerves being no more nor less than wind, together with poisonous and noxious vapours, and sometimes unwholesome food.

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SCOTT'S EMULSION

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It will STRENGTHEN WEAK LUNGS, STOP THE COUGH, AND CHECK all WASTING DISEASES. A remarkable flesh producer and it is almost as Palatable as Milk. Be sure to get the genuine put up in salmon-colored wrappers.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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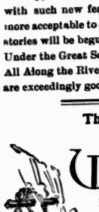
To Be Enlarged.

THAT TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT has been, and is, prosperous does not need to be proclaimed by its publishers; it is apparent in every page and column of the paper. The present size will no longer accommodate the reading matter and advertisements that subscribers and patrons have a right to demand. On December 3, the beginning of vol. vi. and the sixth year of publication, SATURDAY NIGHT will appear regularly as a sixteen page paper with such new features as will make it still more acceptable to our readers. Two new serial stories will be begun in December and January, Under the Great Seal, by Joseph Hatton, and All Along the River, by Miss Braddon. They are exceedingly good.

The Drama.



WILLARD will do. Somehow the noise made by his approach was too sudden, too local and rather too business-like in tone to impress the public with the importance of the occasion. On the coming of Irving, or Patti, or Langtry, or any of the other famous ones who are known to all, either on account of their talent or from some undiscoverable accident, their approach is heralded far in advance, so that when they reach us we are all outside crowding each other for seats or even standing room. The coming of an actor, however great he may be, requires to be announced with a beating of drums and a vociferation of hired voices. From far across the hills the watchful ones should first catch a faint, occasional note from the trumpet of the hurrying herald. These will impose a pause on those about them, and all will listen and strain to catch and analyze the remote sound, until it draws nearer and can be heard in its fulness. Then all will turn and converse about the coming one, his merits, the speed of his approach, the time of his arrival, and when at last he is seen on the brow of the mountain and winding along the valley, all is excitement, and the reception, having had time to develop, is terrific. In the pomp maintained by emperors and kings is embodied all the wile and wisdom of the ages. It is not vanity, but faultless policy that prompts it. An excitement that develops slowly, that is gradual and general, infects the multitude and achieves its purpose, because the mob fancies it leads itself and is not being tin-panned like bees into a hive. No amount of honest praise, no amount of commanding merit can do the neglected work of the herald. It seems to me that De Wolf Hopper is the only man on the stage who properly appreciates this fact. E. S. Willard had an average house Monday night, but under the circumstances it was a poor one, because there should not have been a vacant seat in it. I have sought to explain the cause. Willard should have sent a man through Canada six weeks ago, scattering information and newspaper advertisements. It would have paid him while being a service for which our public would have been grateful.

•

E. S. Willard is delightfully free from staginess and all affectation. That is undeniably his charm, the secret of, or perhaps rather the evidence of his strength. In The Middleman he is not Willard the actor at all, he is Cyrus Blenkarn, the potter of concentrated and almost eccentric genius. He is a real living potter—among actors. Notwithstanding all that has been said about the excellence of the cast in general, I hold that he was most a potter in those moments when most alone on the stage; that the fewer who stood about him the better for the illusion. This is no doubt inevitable, there being but one Willard in the cast. Blenkarn's cry for vengeance upon those who have ruined him and his, is unique indeed. It is not a threat, it is a prayer, most admirably fashioned and natural to the man. Had an American playwright secured the job of writing The Middleman from that point until the finish, he would have made the old potter vow vengeance like a dock-walloper, buckle on a sword and jump across to Africa, dress like a Zulu and in a field-fight meet and slay Capt. Chandler. Thank fortune we are spared that climax and given something more new and natural! The only fault I found in the work of the author was in the keystone of the plot, the downfall of Mary Blenkarn. She and Capt. Chandler were in love; they sinned; he was sent with his regiment to Africa without being able to marry her. She leaves home intending to go far away and commit suicide, but as is shown at the close of the play, she overtook her lover and they were married. I submit that the character of Mary was so pure, so exalted, so fine, that her sin was black and unpardonable. In one of her nature and refinement it was nothing short of shocking—for it the present could devise no excuse, nor the future beget atonement. The stage is an educator when people of genius occupy it. Even though it should be thought advisable to educate from female nature the contempt felt for women who are weak without being vicious, the attempt might as well be abandoned, for it will be futile. It is an ineradicable instinct. But, harsh as woman is in judgment of woman, it is not advisable to effect a change. The contempt and censure of the strong—or, shall I say, the fortunate—creates an artificial terror which serves as a safeguard for the frail. To remove it would prove calamitous.

•

That was a pathetic scene in the third act where Blenkarn and Nancy had the misunderstanding, followed by a reconciliation and a promise by the father to let his younger daughter occupy the place in his life vacated by the lost Mary. It was a scene that caused ladies, after vainly trying to contain themselves, to defiantly wipe their eyes with dainty little handkerchiefs and toss their heads in a most rampant manner at imaginary somebodies who thought they shouldn't shed tears. It caused men, also, to run their fingers through their hair, to twist their mustaches viciously, and to glance around furtively to see if any of the fellows were about. The last act was very strong—the thorough overthrow of Joseph Chandler; the inability of Blenkarn to triumph as in his bitterness he had thought he could; the arrival of the man who had done him so great a wrong, and his fury at sight of him, and then the wife appearing and proving to be his supposedly dead daughter. All was well done by Willard, and by his support, too. In that silence the great, astonished heart of the man filled the stage. I think few removed their eyes from Blenkarn just then. Royce Carleton, Harry Cane, F. H. Tyler, and Miss Marie Burroughs are very good. The latter does some excellent work when, as Mary, she talks with her father and decides to die, bidding him farewell without him being aware of it.

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Robert Downing and his legitimate dramas at the Academy this week should have filled the house to the very doors every night. Such a bill of fare has not been spread out in this city for a very long time—Othello, Julius Cæsar, The Gladiator, Virginius, Ingomar and Damon and Pythias. Think of it—the very thought of it is life giving. Place the very best of the modern social dramas beside one of the "legitimates" and it will shrink to nothing in such exalted company. It was the heroic in man's nature that first called the stage into being, and it is the depiction of the grandly heroic that must prove the stage's saviour and preservator. Modern life being hum-drum, the modern drama must either be hum drum or false. If it is the one, it lacks interest; if it is the other, it fails to elevate and enlighten, in the fullest degree. This may be thought contradictory to my oft-expressed contention that acting should be true to life. I am not at all at variance with myself, however, my present contention being that the true life of ancient Rome and Athens is better adapted to the stage than the real life of to-day in America. It has all the advantage that the heroic has over the sordid. If the past were cut off from us, all that now come forward worthy of delineation upon the stage, are the human impulses. Noble impulses, some of the nobler emotions, have been transmitted to our day unimpaired. These should be nursed by high art, as the last of a valuable species. But in action we are commonplace, wearisome to the genius whose misfortune it is to live so late. You will find no Damon, no Pythias, in our city directory. To-day, Othello gets a divorce or gets damages for Desdemona's alienated affections; Julius Cæsar checks off the voters' lists with a blue pencil; Juliet looks up Romeo's rating in Dunn-Wiman, and Virginius barters his daughter to Applus Claudius for a seat in the Cabinet or the Senate House. To-day the Gladiator is committed to prison for smashing the skull of an old and feeble man, and Shylock wins his case and wields his red knife in every court in the land. The life-blood of the modern man does not find center in the heart, but in the breeches pocket, where keys and coins jingle as he walks. I believe in the heroic drama, but suitable heroes can only be found in the past. The legitimate drama is superior, chiefly because it is written at the command of the author's genius to sue favor with the millions while time lasts. The modern drama is written on demand of a theater manager—necessarily more a financier than anything else—and moulded on patterns furnished by critics who race with each other into friendly oblivion and progress thither none too quickly. God help the poor shrunken soul who can sit through one of Shakespeare's plays preserving the mood of an analytical chemist; who does not see Othello, or Ingomar or Virginius, but Downing all the time—Downing a trifle over-stout, or a little astray on a particular bit of emphasis, or at variance with McCullough on a certain gesture. I pity such, for to them all fruit proves ashes to the taste.

•

Robert Downing should be encouraged to come again to Toronto, to present great dramas to admiring thousands and take no note of the superior half-dozen who fail to find enjoyment because one of the actors toes-in or toes-out a little too much. Mark Price, F. C. Mosley and George Macomber gave Mr. Downing very good support in his various productions, while Eugenie Blair reached the level of genius in more than one of her parts.

•

Out in the Streets has been drawing well at Jacobs & Sparrow's this week. The plot of the play was given last week, so that nothing need be said about it now. N. S. Wood is properly called the "boy actor," for he is quite a boy in appearance. He is slow and deliberate of speech, not much given to those gestures and posings so frequent in melodrama, choosing rather to follow his own ideas in such matters, and I should not wonder if he would develop a strong personality in time. One very nice piece of acting occurs at the death-bed of Helen, when it transpires that Harry Farley (Wood) is really brother to the unfortunate woman whom he has befriended. That was where Wood showed his grain. He did not rant, although the temptation was great, but was extremely natural. Then a very ingenious piece of mechanism was introduced, the rear curtain rising and revealing a tableau—the recreant Heaton standing at the marriage altar with Miss Maberly. Across the death-bed of his deserted and wronged wife the audience saw this striking tableau, which set the whole plot of the piece in singular relief.

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Mr. S. H. Clark, the popular elocutionist, who leaves shortly to assume an important position in Chicago University, will give a farewell recital in Association Hall, on Thursday evening, November 3, assisted by Mrs. Mackelcan, contralto, Miss Hortense Jones, soprano, Mr. Harold Jarvis, tenor, and Mr. W. H. Hewlett, organist and accompanist. Mr. Clark will be heard in a number of entirely new selections.

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Miss E. Pauline Johnson and Mr. Owen A. Smiley will give a joint recital in Association Hall on Monday evening, November 28

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Miss Marguerite Baker, teacher of oratory and dramatic and physical culture, has resumed her Tuesday and Friday afternoon classes in the Young Women's Christian Guild, McGill street.

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Hanlon's Spectacular Superba will be at the Grand next week; Edwin Arden at Jacobs & Sparrow's, and Under the Lion's Paw at the Academy of Music.

MACK.

The Chicago Commercial Clairvoyant Co., Ltd.

THE other morning a young man with a new fall overcoat and a brisk expression about his hat and boots, stepped—(pardon, reader, but on the continent to which we belong men never come nor go, they perpetually step)—stepped into the office of one of our leading wholesale houses and addressed himself to the principal.

"Good morning, sir. Got through your mail? Then I trust you are not engaged, as I wish to have a word with you."

The principal ran over the various mental formulæ with which he was accustomed to repel boarders, and grasped the handle of a rhetorical pike which had been the moving of several insurance agents. But this was a new kind.

"I understand your firm subscribes to the leading business agencies? Very necessary and very valuable, and a good thing to be rated double A, too. Well, sir, I represent—my card, sir—one of the newest and most startling developments in modern business, The Chicago Commercial Clairvoyant Co., Ltd. You are doubtless aware of the rapid strides lately made in psychic science as well as in physical knowledge. Now, sir, our directors perceived that if business is to succeed it must be abreast of the times, and they have accordingly inaugurated a system that is destined to revolutionize commerce. We feel, however, that such revolutions should be gradual, and so we have copyrighted our idea, and limit its operation to firms like your own, sir, which can afford to use it intelligently and for the benefit of the nation. This is our prospectus, but I may just run over the sections. Clairvoyance, you are aware, is a faculty latent in all people, but developed in comparatively few, by which the past can be accurately recalled, affairs going on at a distance from the sensitive, described, the thoughts of others depicted, their plans delineated, and the events of the future detailed. If I may be permitted the levity, we are the C. C. C. Co. you see, the four C.'s, observe, because we foresee everything. You will scarcely credit it, but these are matters of fact, hard business fact on a money basis, paying twenty per cent.; $250,000 in twenty-five hundred shares of $100 each, all taken and held away up in G, not to be bought for gold dollars. We commenced operations five years ago, and were fifteen months getting together a staff of sensitives and training them, before we could send them out certified capable, in compliance with our contracts. We have now upwards of six thousand psychics in our service all over the continent, though most of them are employed in the larger cities. The advantages of having one of our sensitives are immense. In your concern, for instance, if you are out of any line of stock and want to buy quickly and quickly, you go to the sensitive, who immediately 'polarises,' goes into the trance state, and when questioned she gives you absolutely all the information possible on the subject of enquiry: where to buy best, what the stuff is, what it cost, the lowest margin of advance likely to be accepted. Instead of enquiring all round, you simply wire an offer at the figure clairvoiseed, and it generally takes the manufacturer so by surprise and falls in so pat with his calculations, that he ships the goods without a word. Or, if you are a manufacturer and have stock you want to place, you apply to the sensitive and she polarises and gives you full accounts of all the open markets. You take your choice and sell your goods next mail. If you were a contractor, you would have rival tenders clairvoiseed, drop your proposals a trifle and' take the business. Oh, we have lots of special lines too. Several hundreds of our sensitives are engaged by medical men to diagnose their patients' diseases. Only the older practitioners can afford our terms and they discourage the young ones by pooh-poohing the idea of clairvoyance, which, of course, is quite right, for unscrupulous persons might make wrong uses of our sensitives. For example, a clerk in a large house in Philadelphia became on intimate terms with the sensitive and had her clairvoiseed, when the house was about to undertake; went in for it himself and is now a millionaire. Of course we discharged the sensitive, and we heard afterwards she had married the clerk. But there is a clause in our contracts regarding that. We guarantee them not to marry for twelve months. Males contract not to leave employment for five years.

"Oh, yes, we have males as well as females, but not so many. Some prefer men, and in the case of business men who travel much and take their sensitive about with them, males are, of course, indispensable. In newspaper offices, too, they always take males. The strain is too great for a female. Yes, the *Morning Sphere* in this city has one of our sensitives. You have observed the number of 'scoops' they have had lately? They tell me they have doubled their circulation, besides always knowing where to go for the best 'ads.'

"Oh, no, we never have any clashing of interests, for we guarantee a monopoly of service in any city to one firm only in each department of trade. No, we don't have any business with lawyers. They say our method shortens a case too much to be profitable.

"We take great care of our sensitives and our medical men make their rounds every month to see that their faculties are in good order. Yes, sometimes they break down, then we send them to our Sanitorium in Southern California. If it is a permanent disability we pension them for life. Yes, sometimes their minds are affected; we have a private ward at Jefferson. We call it the Talmage Ward, as the first patient became deranged through trying to clairvision the Talmage sermon in advance for a newspaper syndicate.

"Our terms are fifteen hundred dollars for ordinary female sensitives paid quarterly in advance. Males a thousand dollars. You see females are more delicately organized and better polarisers; then they do not stay with us so long, so that the cost of the training comes higher for the service we get out of them and they are more difficult to look after. They generally get married. Oh, yes, we have some specially good sensitives, but they come higher, as high as five thousand dollars some of them. Here is the photograph of one we have to rent now at four thousand. She is rather plain, but the uglier they are the more sensitive they are. Curious, isn't it?

"Can't we send you a sensitive for a month on trial? Certainly, no charge, unless satisfactory. On signing of contract we date it from beginning of trial-month. We are confident of giving you satisfaction. Just fill out this form of application, your business, sex and age of sensitive preferred, religion—oh, that's immaterial, but some employers consider it; office hours, amount of subscription you are willing to pay in the event of confirming the contract; thank you, I will fill in the others. You may expect the sensitive next week. Hardly sooner, there is such a demand we cannot train them quick enough. Good morning, sir, and thank you."

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

A Philosophical Old Maid.

I WILL tell you all about it. We sat together in the moonlight, me and Jonathan, feeling as romantic as if we had been quite young, though I ain't saying we was old. Well, thinks I to myself, I hev ye by me, Jonathan, an' I'll keep ye there, for I knowed he was fond of me, but he couldn't up and say the word. He hed been up te see me considerable of late, fer he sed it was awful lonesome livin' down te his house all alone. "Now," says I, "just come when ye like, fer there is always a place by my fire and my table awaitin' for ye."

One day says I te myself, "Mariar, ye've been a lone woman all yer days, an' why not open yer heart to another lonesome being like yerself and make him happy f' an' it bein' leap year I thought I'd orter make the strike.

So this night when Jonathan came I was sittin' on the doorstep in the moonlight knitting a neckerchief fer him, fer the one he hed on looked as if it hed growed te his neck. When I told him what I was making he looked all over his hands an' then put them into his pockets and sed something about it being so comfortable te hev someone care fer him. Now was my opportunity which was not te be lost, and says I, "I do care fer ye, Jonathan, more than ye think, but ye always looked so skeered like that I dasn't even look it."

He looked at me in a beseechin' way, as if he thought I hed sed enough, fer I see he was gettin' nervous, but I wasn't te be shut up nohow, now I hed begun.

Says I, "Jonathan, I want te hev plain talkin' with ye. Here ye've been comin' up pretty regular of late an' it's only proper an' right that I shud think ye hed some regard for me."

"Deed, Mariar, I hev regard fer ye, for ye've always been a good friend te me."

"Yes, but that ain't the pint, Jonathan. I want te be more than a friend te ye. I want ter pervide fer ye and give ye a proper place in my house."

I feels now as if I hed got over the tryin' part, and as Jonathan didn't say nothin' I just went up and told him how my feelings were for him. Then I put my arms tight around his neck and give him a right good smack and asked him ter be my man, and he says, "I will, Mariar, but do let go my neck," fer I hed grasped him tight in my eagerness. Then I let go his neck and took his hand in mine and told him how happy he made me and how this should hev been years sooner. I showed him his telly fer always bein' so bashful an' never bein' man enough ter speak his mind, but he says, "Don't say no more, Mariar, ye've got me now and I didn't hev te pop."

Perhaps you will think it wasn't becomin' in me ter be so outspoken, but when the man can't up an' speak his mind and things is understood, I say the woman has a right ter. So the next week me and Jonathan was married, and that was twenty years ago. We've always got along pretty comfortable, fer Jonathan was a unharmin' being and always agreed to my opinion.

L. E. R.

The Lost Star

(An Allegory.)

For Saturday Night.

Life was yet dead, in dreamless sleep reposing,
O'er gloomy gray-robed Night a star arose
And pierced my darken'd cell, to me disclosing
Life's opening bud. Its faintly love-flushed glows
I watched, my soul athrill with kindling passion;
I watched spell-bound while the low flickering beam
Spread with a dazzling light throughout my vision
Until by day, by night, awake, adream,
My eyes were ever on it and I knew
Joy only with that dazzling star in view.

My life had dawn'd and quickly fled the morning,
Like to a golden dream it passed away.
The star still shone my roseate way adorning,
Still shone and basked me in a constant day.
Not brightest sun-wrought robes of brilliant noon-tide
Could pale the splendor of that star above.
It shone for me, a beacon never fading,
It filled my raptured soul with beams of love
Till life and love were one; when love had fled
Life too had flown; I lived, but life was dead.

One day from constant watching weary grown,
My star seemed cold and distant to my sight:
"Sure, in the infinite about me sown,"
I said, "some constellation sheds a light
Warm and more radiant, worthier than my favor,
Meet to be mine to love with all my soul."
And with this thought began to wane and waver
The star which erstwhile did my being control.
I looked beyond without remorse, regret,
In fairer lights the truest to forget

With filmy mists the star-fields were enshrouded,
The planets' light, as thro' a veil of tears,
Fell on my vision, dim and have-beclouded
Like sunlight glints thro' glist'ning gossamers.
I scanned the realms, my soul with unrest burning,
Filled with a longing love akin to pain,
In vain I sought to satisfy my yearning,
Then, all remorseful, turned my eyes again
Back to the early love which I had spurned,
But in the east that light no longer burned.

My star had flown. Its last faint flick'ring beaming,
Like to a fading meteor left my sight,
Leaving a tracing thro' the azure, seeming
A path to lead my wayward feet aright.
My eyes are ever looking toward the eastward,
Eastward to where the light of life has flown,
I wait thro' dreary, dragging hours believing,
Life's ling'ring fetters broken, there shall dawn
In some unknown paradise afar,
To thrill my blackened soul, my loved lost star.

A. L. MCNAB.

Human Greatness.

For Saturday Night.

What is't that makes man truly great? God knows,
'Tis not the wish for greatness that achieves it;
The life of artist and of poet show
That patient meekness ofttimes receives it;
That he who seeks by clamor to obtain
A living name 'mongst men, a lasting fame,
Will ne'er receive it—it is sought in vain,
For honor thus, will mortal never gain;
The man who seeks it follows far behind,
And he who seeks it not, alone shall find.

Some weary soul, turned from the world's coarse ways,
And looking heavenward with resigned gaze;
Some trusting soul, that placed in human charge,
Its priceless jewel, and watched love's fair barge
Float out upon life's sea with dove-white sails,
To face the ocean's waves and winter's gales,
And at the first false breeze, the first light blow,
Behold its treasure careless cast below—
Hurled over-board into the chilly night,
Forever gone—forever lost to sight;

Some idol shattered—some earth's-labor vain,
Some human disappointment, some great pain,
Some bitter trial, (his such things as these
That earn a smile from heaven—the gods do please—
When bravely met with by some noble soul,
Urging its weary body to the goal.

Man is a social creature and he loves
To tell his woes to sympathetic ears;
But when some idol he has worshiped, proves
Of vile, base metal, when one loved appears
Worthless and truly shake man's faith in more,
A disappointed man he trusts no more,
And the emotions of his wounded soul
Are crushed and hidden with a fierce control,
And with false smiles he cloaks his bitterness,
With careless words he hides his heart's distress.

And only in his lonely chamber, he,
(Ah! that such great unhappiness should be)
Casts the grim mask aside with fierce despair,
And the raw wound he savagely lays bare;
But human injuries of every kind,
Be they the wounds of body or of mind,
By a kind providence, will close, at last,
For pain and torture—some day—will be past,
And the torn soul will often tell its woes,
Its thoughts expression find, in verse or prose,
Or in deep study pain will pass away,
And man discover a god "love pardon's way,
And the black storm-clouds o'er, in clearer skies
The sun of his calm life will daily rise,
And peace will dwell, where once was nourished hate,
And men will marvel and will call them blest.

TACOMA, Washington. MAX MACKCHUSIE.

The Magic Hand.

For Saturday Night.

There is a touch upon the leaves
That turns the yellow into the deeper gold;
And on the sunlit hill and wooded plain,
The silent work goes on.
The slender maple hanging o'er the stream,
Sways gently in the breeze;
And with the limpid water for a glass,
Blushes at the image of its loveliness.
The sturdy oak, touched by that inspiring hand,
Bows to the conqueror,
And with a sigh for that bright May,
Looses its golden crown.
From all the forest trees
The autumn leaves float gently down—
The red, the pale, the gold and russet brown,
Murmur in harmony.
The spirit of the woods is here,
And in the shadow of the spruce and pine,
Hides the pale spectre;
And all around is heard the drowsy rustle of the leaves.

B. KELLY.

The Common Lot.

For Saturday Night.

Coming in weakness, with wailing and tears;
Gaining in strength, with the passing of years;
Toiling our minds for the quick-coming strife;
Strengthening our limbs for the battle of life;
Gaining some glimpses of joy as we go;
Draining deep droughts from the fountains of woe;
Struggling with poverty, warring with sin;
Fighting temptations without and within;
Stumbling, then rushing again to the breach;
Striving for heights that our feet never reach;
Wrestling with sickness, with pain and decay;
Fighting with death, inch by inch, on the way
Worn with vain striving, unnumbered, unsung;
Passing away to the mists whence we sprung.

CLARA H. MOUNTCASTLE.

A General Glow.

Rogers—What makes your nose so red, Mr. Reilly?

Reilly—It glows with pride, sir, at not putting itself in other people's business.

Between You and Me.

"THE world is glad of your joys, but has no use for your sorrows," said a quiet thinker to me the other day, not resentfully, but complainingly, but simply stating a fact as one might say, "Winter brings snow." I thought about that when I was alone, and looking back over the past and remembering the experience of others as well as my own, I became convinced that it was a sentence worth framing. "The world is glad of our joys," therefore if we want the world to be pleased with us let us keep some smiles, some *bon hommie*, some merry laughter always on hand for it. "The world has no use for our sorrows," therefore in the name of all things expedient let us hide them! Not necessarily great sorrows; as well little worries, trivial slights, infinitesimal carking cares, for while we hide them they are in a measure put away from us and we are gainers ourselves. I read the other day a fretful raving against the habit of society folk of blowing hot and cold on their acquaintances as they saw them well or ill dressed. It was news to my experience! In Toronto, especially, are the leaders of society kind, gracious, considerate and well mannered in this particular respect. And it is rarely indeed that preoccupation or oversight or anything you please shows itself in the ignoring of an acquaintance. The town has its quota of snobs, no doubt, but perhaps I have not met them, and the *beau monde* may indulge in a laugh at my quite unnecessary defence of their fair selves, but I don't like to see our city belittled and all my happy memories made void. Bigger towns and smaller have I known, but never a more kindly, generous and true circle than in Toronto.

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All this effervescence arose from the sentence above quoted, acting on the aforesaid ravings, like two seidlitz powders poured together. But I am sure many folks have a habit of nurturing and brooding over little slights, which their philosophy should simply throw aside as a duck's back sheds water. The duck oils his feathers, the water slides glibly off! Oil your sensitive skin with charity and good nature and rub the oil in well with the firm, cool hand of patience, and you will not get a chill from ever such a cold drop; and better still, you won't howl to an inattentive world about the sufferings you undergo in your temper and *amour propre*. It is so childish to accept a snub; there isn't the least need of doing so, after all, and by right management you may work it into its very opposite.

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I went to the annual meeting of the Industrial School at Mimico, last Saturday, and had a whiff of what always seems to me the purest air in Canada. No wonder pale boys grow ruddy, and sallow boys pink, when their astonished lungs begin to breathe the sweet, pure air of Mimico, after the dim, dust-clouded atmosphere of some dingy Terauiay street cottage, scented with the myriad odors of St. John's ward. I noticed a good many changes about the school, and quite a few were improvements, but, oh! what got into the management to select Nearer, My God, to Thee, that hymn of peaceful evensong and cloistered shadowland, as an opening chorus, and what feline demon got into the pitch and set it all over the scale? Such a queer sounding hymn would have made a deacon giggle! But no one seemed to cherish any grudge against the rosy but faint-voiced and evidently undecided singers, and one of the loveliest annual meetings the year has seen was that of the Mimico school. The grass was green enough, flowers still bloomed, that is, such good old staunchy, maiden-aunt sort of flowers as petunias and zinnias, and the whole ceremony of the meeting, except the coffee and cakes, was held out of doors. A very interesting episode was a manly, fluent little speech by what Mr. Howland called a graduate of the school. Even my own pet *protege*, Laurie, in all his glory was not quite so presentable as this pattern boy. I remember when he came to the school and how trusty and careful and hard-working he was, and above all I recall, with grateful palate, the excellence of the bread he learned to make, many a slice of which I have feasted on in the leisure days when I made weekly visits to the Industrial School.

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Perhaps the library which this boy is trying to get up for his old classmates might be more speedily filled if everyone who has a collection of boys' books, ever so few, maybe, but none the less acceptable, would give some of them to the boys' reading-rooms. Fathers and mothers, whose little ones have grown up, nourished well in mind as in body, and who still cherish the volumes over which the bright eyes roved, in the reading hours *lang syne*, have you not generosity enough to pass over the tales of flood and field, the histories of bravery and perseverance, which braced and moulded your own boys' pliant wills, to the bonnie little chaps out in this western suburb? They will be so grateful, so pleased and so happy in your goodness. Just pack up the books and send them and have no more fuss about it!

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And another new thing I noticed on the road to Mimico was the number of lady cyclists along the Lake Shore road. Without flattery, girls, I was proud of you, in your neat dark gowns, with your erect, firm seat and a certain little air of dignity which you have acquired since you learned to ride easily. I have seen lady cyclists in New York and Dublin and in Toronto, and the Toronto girls are far ahead in appearance and grace, though I would flatter you if I added in speed. The Dublin girl gets there! but I don't like to watch her doing it. The New York girl sits anyhow, dress awry, hat a little askew and chin protruding, and makes her pedals fly round the asphalt ways of Harlem, but she hasn't your form, and you never hear a man say, "Now, that's not so bad!" when she shoots by. They say that here, and Toronto men are very critical!

LADY GAY.

Self-protection

Ivy—There! That was a good idea to put the cat in the closet. Mamma can't say I ate the cake, that's certain.

Individualities.

The women physicians of Philadelphia are credited with receiving very large incomes for their services. Some average $10 000 a year, others $20,000.

M. Zola has just received the highest price ever paid in France for the serial right of a novel. The sum is about thirty-one cents a line, a total amount of $7,000, and is paid for Zola's new story, Dr. Pascal.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, well known to all W. C. T. U. workers and to many others, is a woman of large and rather imposing person. She speaks with wonderful fluency and decision, and seems to be absolutely self-possessed.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett says that she has made up stories ever since she can remember anything, and that since she was seven years old she has written them. Nearly every person, scene and incident suggests to her a story connected with it.

Perhaps there has never been another British cabinet that has contained as many literary men as the present one. Mr. Gladstone, Prof. Bryce, Lord Rosebery, Mr. John Morley, Sir George O. Trevelyan and Mr. Acland are all men of letters.

Many devotees find their way to Llanthony Abbey, the retreat of Father Ignatius, among the fastnesses of the Black Mountains in Wales. A recent visitor to the abbey says that one of the peculiarities of the queer old church is that it seems to be filled with ghosts.

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Only four homes of British writers have been preserved on account of the associations connected with them. They are the homes of Shakespeare, Milton, Burns and Wordsworth, and it is suggested that Somersby Rectory, Tennyson's birthplace, should be added to the number.

France has lost a literary and artistic figure of some importance by the death of M. Hector Cremieux. M. Cremieux was born as far back as 1828, and his chief title to remembrance rests on the fact that he wrote the libretto to some of Offenbach's best known works, including Genevieve de Brabant.

The late Lord Essex of England was quite a mechanician, and some years ago, when the croquet fever was at its height, he made thousands of pounds from a mallet which he invented. A light open hearse constructed by him was used at his funeral, and his coffin was of open trellis work after a sketch which he drew.

Mrs. Rundell-Charles, author of the Schonberg-Cotta Family, lives in a pretty cottage near Hampstead Heath, London. She is very pleasant and cheerful in manner, and is the possessor of a goodly fund of shrewd humor. At present there is a prospect that she may return to her writing of fiction. She has just finished compiling a series of small devotional works.

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Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston was born and raised in Georgia, in the midst of the negro and cracker life he so truthfully describes in his tales, but it was not until he was over forty years of age that he began writing stories. Until that time he had practiced law, held a college professorship of *belles-lettres*, and taught school. His present home is in Maryland, not far from Baltimore.

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Lady Tennyson has always been a notable housekeeper. Early in his married life her husband said, jestingly, that should literature fail, his wife would keep the family from poverty by her culinary skill, and he added: "! am sure the Tennyson tea-biscuit would prove a success." Before her marriage Lady Tennyson was Miss Emily Sellwood. She was a niece of Sir John Franklin.

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The second son of the Czar, the Grand-Duke George, continues his peculiar course of treatment for pulmonary disease. In accordance with his physician's theory that a low temperature tends to destroy the consumption bacillus and to prevent the growth of tubercles, the room of the royal patient is unpapered and bare, the mattress on his bed thin, and the fires moderate in the coldest weather. The progress of the disease is said to have been checked, but his attendants suffer extremely from the cold.

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Dr. Mary E. Bradford, the American Presbyterian missionary at Tabriz, Persia, who has done such noble medical work among the Persians in the late cholera epidemic, is a native of Lexington, Illinois, and is only about thirty years old. She received her diploma in 1887 from the Woman's Medical College of Chicago, and was afterwards a surgeon in the New England Hospital in Boston. She was sent to Persia in 1888.

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Mr. Augustin Daly, the theatrical manager, possesses what is probably the most remarkable Bible in the world. It comprises forty-two folio volumes, and is illustrated by plates on biblical subjects. He has copies of all the Madonnas of every age and every school of art, and in the collection are included mezzotints, full-line engravings, original drawings and unique prints. He has one original drawing of Raphael's, and several of Albert Durer's. The collection is a history of Scriptural art.

The Tunnel—An Etching.

The darkness is broken only by the train lamps blinking and flaring. The silence, only by the metallic ring of the fast flying wheels clashing at regular intervals the rail joints. Back of all, the monotonous sweep and rush of the train in the tunnel. A long, dull roar peculiar to it.

Suddenly it grows louder and higher, changing its monotone.

Louder and higher it roars!

Louder! Higher!

To the majority of passengers, this clang and shriek tells of an approaching train. To one sitting, fearful of a grinding shock, it whispers death; it sings of torture! screams collision! Spellbound and breathless she waits.

At last it comes.

A roar that drowns all else—swift flashes of a hundred lights—a wild, unearthly shriek.

And the down train passes.

But as the roar blends at last into the old monotone of the tunnel, and our train sweeps out into sunshine, it is found a passenger has fainted.

PHENOL.

Crotchets and Quavers

I never was quite so forcibly impressed with the dull, smoke-begrimed appearance of the interior of the Pavilion as at the recent Juch-Scharwenka concert, and it was all the more noticeable in contrast with the brilliant gowns and lovely faces of Toronto's fairest. It would be such a treat to go to concerts in the future and be able to gratify the eye as well as the ear. Won't some energetic person or persons begin a crusade against the condition of Toronto's concert halls? I know all this has been said before, but apparently the only way to gain one's end is to reiterate it emphatically. The banner at the back of the stage, "Welcome to Toronto," was quite impressive; it partook of the pyro echnical in coloring, and from an artistic point of view was sadly lacking. But Scharwenka (if he once looked up at it) could have no doubt in his mind as to the cordiality of the reception he was going to have. I felt for once that I had to live up to the sentiment blazoned forth on the wall, and applaud every number for all I was worth, or know the reason why. Next to the Pavilion the audience claimed a good deal of my attention. Why will women, no longer in the bloom of youth, or even early autumn of life, array themselves in colors and designs only suitable for "bu'ls?" One ancient dame particularly took my fancy. She was decidedly antique—nothing modern about her, except her gown, which was "a dream," cut *decolette*; and her neck!—ye gods, her neck! words fail me in describing it. There was a sort of dug-up "ruin of Pompeii" look about it that fascinated me with an awful fascination. I know, and none better, that we have all to grow old some day, but can we not grow old gracefully and fittingly and not make a display of what has irrevocably gone? One old gentleman on my left came with every intention, I am sure, of appreciating to the utmost the dainty *menu* of musical tit-bits set before him, but over taxed nature, and perhaps an extra glass of "lager," were too much for him. He peacefully slept all through Chopin, Schumann, Beethoven and Liszt, only waking up in time to add his mite, automatically, to the rounds of enthusiastic applause that greeted the great pianist's efforts. While the said old gentleman slept, a benign smile played over his spectacular countenance. I say spectacular, because Nature (with his own assistance) had evidently designed his face for stage effect only. She had splashed on the "red" with such a very coarse brush that the color spread, and his nasal appendage suffered in consequence. From the generally unctuous look of his face he reminded me forcibly of one of Dickens' charm ers, "the man with a suspicion of train oil in his system."

Lovely Emma Juch! Each time I hear her I fall more in love with her than ever. There is an indescribable charm about her personality that rivets one's attention before she sings a note. I do not blame Samson one bit for becoming the slave of the sorceress Delilah if she wooed him as sweetly as Emma Juch wooed her audience. Mascagni's Ave Maria as sung by her was a prayer indeed, and a lesson in phrasing and tone work to many of our embryo vocalists.

Can anyone tell me why Scharwenka did not wear his "patent leathers" when appearing before a select Toronto audience? Did he think we were too much in the back woods to notice such a deficiency? Or did his trunk not arrive in time? Whatever the cause, the boots he did wear were wofully lacking in "polish." I have sketched them faithfully for the benefit of all who were not near enough to the stage to get a good view. Signor Delasco's singing of The Mighty Sea was a genuine treat and one I would have liked to have heard repeated. There were numbers of people in the audience who are worthy of space here, but space does not admit of it. There was the young man who popped in and out of the "star's" dressing-room with an overwhelming air of importance, and the young man a few seats behind me who was so bored that he yawned, or gaped, as the cultured Bostonians say, all through the affair, and I almost forgot the girl who giggled and said, "Isn't she sweet?" about steen times. And finally the unhappy people who wriggled in their seats with anxiety, and neglected to keep their attention fixed upon the beauties of "William Tell." All because of "A Little Autumn Shower."

ROSALIND.

'Varsity Chat.

TO VICTORIA University, supported with all the fervor of which her admirers are capable of arousing, a few words will not be amiss, as she is one of the units that go to form what we all hope, is a harmonious whole—the University of Toronto. The spirit of loyalty to "old Vic" has not suffered by the college being transplanted. The changed conditions may, and we all hope will, renew her vigor so that she will fulfil the brightest hopes of those who have watched and guarded her interests. The proceedings of the various societies, the festivities at Alumni banquet, the eloquence at the formal opening and the music at the conversazione, all unite in proclaiming that the city and higher education will profit by Victoria's new era just dawning.

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Oxford graduates of years standing, on returning to the old halls, are often surprised to find how music is gradually making its way among the undergraduates, and that not a few of them play on musical instruments. They also show development in fine tastes by decorating their rooms with flowers. If playing on musical instruments is an evidence of æsthetical development we take high rank. Our banjo and guitar club have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Hon. president, Mr. H. R. Fairclough, M.A.; president, Mr. W. R. P. Parker; secretary-treasurer, Mr. L. Aubrey Moore; committee, Messrs. A. F. Rolls, for the Medical College; N. Nash, for the School of Practical Science; W. S. Carroll, for the University College. The club this year will consist exclusively of banjos, guitars, and mandolins, the mouth organs of last year being discarded. We may expect some fine results from this club, and its members may be able to astonish the "grads" of long ago.

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Lord Palmerston is said to have won a general election on the now historical phrase, "The insolent barbarian." With this utterance he aroused the national sentiment of his fellow countrymen and swept into office. How the blood of the old hustlers and hazers will rush with furious torrent through their veins when they pause and consider that the fresh men have just carried all before them and have struck terror into the bosoms of the seniors. The college council had to be called into conclave in order to overawe the barbarians within the gates. O, Tempora! O, Mores!

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Probably on account of a display of strength at the recent senate election Mr. W. H. Vander-Smissen, M. A., Mr. W. H. Fraser, M. A., Mr. John Squair, B. A., Mr. W. Dale, M. A., and Mr. A. B. McCallum, B. A., M. B., Ph. D., have been advanced from lecturers to associate professors in arts. Mr. McCallum cannot be said to be advanced, for he was and is professor in the medical faculty. He has a title now in both faculties as he delivers lectures to both "arts" and "meds."

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The freshmen got quite familiar with assistant Registrar James Brebner, B. A., on the day of the hustling.

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The address presented by the students to Chancellor Burwash of Victoria at the formal opening, was signed by Miss F. G. Kennedy, Miss M. E. Henwood, Messrs. R. Corrigan, B. A., J. H. McBain, W. G. Sargent, J. E. Osborne, H. C. Cox and J. H. Oliver. It was well composed and Mr. A. J. Irwin, B.A., had the honor of presenting it.

ADAM RUFUS.

"Don't you think we had better go!"
"Oh, no. We have forty minutes yet, and this is so amusing for baby."—*Life.*

A Family Flitting.

An Account of a Moving Which Will Prove Interesting to Those Who Have Changed Their Place of Residence.

WE moved last week. The Duchess and "The Boy" had been house-hunting all the Saturday afternoons for a month but could not become satisfied. Then a house-to-house system of visitation was adopted, but still no rest for the soles of our feet. Finally, when all hope of ever getting "just what we wanted," had fled, the "children" sallied forth, and as they put it, "got a house the first thing." Of course it had to be inspected by the Duchess before it was submitted to the Boy, who, by the way, pays the rent, for his approval. He, weary of examining cellars with a box of safety matches, and climbing into attics, took the house on faith, and his sister's word, for three years, and here we are. It's a good thing he did, for if we had all known at the same time that there was no mantel or grate in the parlor, and that the furnace pipe visited every room in the house before finally getting into the chimney, we might, in fact I feel sure we would, have been applying for quarters in the nearest police station. That fate, however, has been averted, and we've got just the loveliest house. Of course, the furnace pipe and no grate are drawbacks, and some of the shutters are broken, the tank and all the taps leak, there are no back stairs, and—but it's just a lovely house, and we got it for $2 a month less than anyone else in the row. The landlord said so, and—but, great Scott! we weren't to say anything about that to a soul, and I've gone and given it clean away. Don't for the world tell any of the neighbors; but you don't know where it is, and couldn't tell if you would.

We had a terrible time getting the things in; part of them we had down at the cottage, part were stored, and the piano lent to a friend. The stuff at the cottage was to arrive per farmer and hay-rack on Wednesday, sure; but Friday afternoon saw only a portion of it being unloaded, the farmer reporting that he got stuck and left the rest with his brother's wife's cousins, and it was all right; he'd be up first thing Monday with it. He came on Thursday afternoon, and it had rained frequently in the interval. He "guessed the things wasn't hurt much; anyhow he couldn't help it." The Duchess is a very proper young woman, but that week almost made a profane person of her. All the things that were stored came up, but everything she wanted was down at the cottage, or on the way, no one knew which; the stove was broken, all the linen mildewed, and the piano fearfully out of tune.

Another ruffle to her serenity was the carpet. We'd bought a new one, that is, the elders of the family, the Mater, the Duchess, the Boy and the Young Man, and they kind of thought they'd struck something just about right. But they had reckoned without the children. They wondered what on earth anyone could see in that carpet, and such is the force of ridicule that even the Duchess's serene confidence in her taste was shaken. Only for an instant, however, then she rallied, pointed out how it lit up, how the flowers stood out from the ground, enlarged upon the impossibility of that style of pattern being made in cheap carpets, grew eloquent on the difference between five and six frames, until I came to the conclusion that Sis, as we irreverently call her, had missed her vocation—she ought to have been a carpet salesman. The children are getting reconciled, but I know they have a sneaking idea still that they could show some people a thing or two in the way of carpet buying. Various other things helped to enliven our settlement. An ambitious member of the family had purchased a desk, and it had to be pulled in through an upper window by a rope. The staircase sweeps grandly upwards from a noble hall (width of stairs, 30½ inches; hall, 60), but it was thought better to take it in that way. The curtains had to be changed, various things ordered, which never by any chance came up on time. Still, we're getting settled, and everything "will be done next week, sure." In a month or so we will feel as if we'd always lived here. We have nice neighbors. The Young Man who rather poses as a judge of beauty rejoices in occasional glimpses of a very pretty girl next door west, and as soon as possible borrowed the lawn mower with a view to further developments when it is returned. The Mater has discovered "such a nice butcher," just around the corner (in a month he'll have nothing but tough meat in his shop) and a really reliable grocer a short distance farther away. The Boy has found out that the house with a telephone in, two doors down the street, is occupied by a man who lured him into insuring his life, and seen visions of revenge made possible by messages he knows he can't refuse to deliver. The others made equally valuable discoveries. We like the house and we've decided that we'll never move again. In spite of all this, I know that in about two years "the fool who took this house" will be

THE BOY.

He was Civil to Him.

He was a gruff, bad-tempered old farmer, and he had seven blooming daughters, who were, alas, fast drifting toward the dreary mills of old-maiden-hood, because their father's harsh tongue kept off would-be suitors better than seven bull-dogs would have done.

There was one young man, however, who, more persevering or more in love than the rest, persisted in visiting the youngest daughter, May, every Saturday afternoon, and at last the old man, awakening to a sense of his duties as a parent, made up his mind to give the young man a chance and one Saturday morning spoke to his daughter.

"May, when Sam comes this afternoon you may invite him to stay over Sunday with us and we'll have chicken pie for dinner."

"But pa," replied May, pleased yet hesitating, "you'll be sure to say something to insult him."

"Me! Well that beats everything! Let him stay, he's a civil, well-to-do young chap and I'll be as civil to him as you could wish."

Accordingly, May invited her young man to remain over Sunday, which he was only too delighted to do, and for a time all went well.

For dinner on Sunday the farmer's wife placed a delicious-looking chicken pie on the table and beside it some nice roast beef.

At the sight of his favorite chicken pie, of which he was passionately fond, the old farmer looked sublimely happy, and, beaming like the sun on the faces assembled around his board, said to his wife, who was seated on his right, for he always served to the right, "Well, my dear, what will you have? Chicken pie or roast beef?"

"Chicken pie, if you please, dear," sweetly responded his spouse, and with a great flourish of carving knife and fork a piece was placed on her plate, and turning to his eldest daughter, who sat next her mother, he said, "Well, my dear, and what will you have? Roast beef or chicken pie?"

"Chicken pie, if you please, pa," was the reply, and she received a piece also, with less smile and flourish, however.

Then each daughter in turn was asked the same question and each, taking advantage of the father's unusual humor, undutifully replied, "Chicken pie, please, pa," and by the time he had gone around them all there remained only one small piece of the pie in the dish.

The old man glared at it savagely for a moment, and then turning to the unfortunate young man who sat beside him, his long pent-up wrath burst forth in a torrent of abuse. "You—you great, red-headed, squint eyed numb-skull, I suppose you'll take the last piece there is and I won't get none."

MARGUERITE.

IN LEAFY JUNE.

Written for Saturday Night by Georgina Frazer Newhall.

Once I wrote to you about a washerwoman's little boy who dreamt he was the ambassador from the North Pole. But that was a long time ago. I must now write of him again.

His was a lonely life in spite of its liberty. Sometimes he scarcely saw his mother from one week's end to the other. And the worst of it was, that the less she had to go out during the week the more fretful she became. Meals, too, during these "hard times," as she called them, were reduced to such infinitesimal quantities that between a not surprising lack of sympathy with his "queer ideas" and a want of nourishment for his body, there was no great inducement for Johnny to remain at home.

So it came about that day after day and season after season the lapping blue waters of the lake or the glancing steel of its winter armor drew Johnny to its shores with an ever-growing fascination.

I think I told you how he would go down to the lakeside to watch the iceboats as they sped over its glittering surface, shining like a vast mirror unbroken by aught save an occasional billowy drift and over which hung the dazzling blue of our dear Canadian sky. I think, too, I have told you that you would have wondered could you have known all the strange and beautiful thoughts which, like angels' wings, arose in the mind of the tattered, freckle-faced little boy as he gazed on the scene.

There he would stand until he shivered, partly from cold and in part with some vague, inexpressible longing for things better or more beautiful (he knew not which) than enter into the life of a washerwoman's child.

A sense of his own isolation oppressed him at times; for, of the singularity of his mind he was made painfully aware by many a stinging scoff and sneer, and by his own shrinking from the coarse companionship of the street. If one must stall with the nerd, the less one differs from them the better. There are fewer bruises. What one wants in such a case is weight, not wings. Is there any community of thought, do you think, between the winged steed and the draught horse?

When summer came he wandered down to the wharf and watched the boats come in from the Island; saw the yachts, like great, white butterflies, dancing over the waves; saw the women wrapped in gay, red shawls or shelters under scarlet parasols, as they steered their shells of boats over the white-crested waves, and the men pulling with firm strokes and adding to the glory of color in their gaudy stripes.

Sometimes he was so fortunate as to find, after the boats departed, a sprig of geranium or a broken pansy, which were out the last fainting hours of their lives held tight in his warm hand, fulfilling a higher mission in their seeming downfall than when, looking their bravest, they were clasped close in the girdle of beauty.

Once—oh, day of days!—a lady, dressed in some beautiful style which was like a dream, stepped, with her children, from a boat, and as she stepped dropped a cluster of creamy roses from her bust. Johnny restored them to her. She turned her kind eyes upon him, and some good angel—perhaps only her great motherliness—prompted her to take them again from her dress and put them back into his hands. As she did so she remembered that she had seen him before. There was a pinch in those soft eyes and a tenderness about the grave little mouth not easily forgotten. She had seen him gazing in at the window of a picture shop on King street, staring at those two pictures, Letters From Home and The Last Message. She had noticed how he had listened eagerly as she had explained the pictures to her own little son, and that his eyes had brimmed with tears as he looked once more at the dying Highlander giving his last message. "It is a gallant dress and they are gallant men that wear it," she had said, and then with another look at the interesting and attentive little face she had turned away. She did not know—she never knew—how he had lingered at the window, wondering what she had meant by the word "gallant," only knowing that the picture filled his boyish soul with a strange fervor, which was the birth of patriotism though he knew it not, and a keen delight which was the rapture of the artist. My little Johnny! was his an artist's or a poet's soul? God knows I only know it was attuned to the music of wonderful melodies.

But this day she gave him her flowers and he fled, after some shy, half-articulated thanks, away up the dusty road, clasping his treasures in both his grimy hands, along the Grand Trunk property where the grass grows green and neglected upon the banks, past the puffing, restless engines looking like ugly black beetles compared with the butterflies of the lake. On, on, he ran a little way, he walked a little way, pressing his face upon the odorous petals and the cool green leaves, stubbed toes and weariness disregarded, until he sank down upon the bank which overlooks the lake from Garrison Common. There he lay and counted his treasures, while the sun poured down upon him; poured down upon him, and the green grass and the brave yellow dandelions and the ghostly spheres of those of the latter who had sighed themselves away for love; poured down upon the blue lake, over which came strains of the band on the Cibola, and upon the grim old cannons standing near until they grew so hot that he felt a war-like spirit burn again within them and longed for the word of command which should make them belch forth fire and smoke and death and destruction as they had done in their heroic past.

And all things fair to see and sweet to hear and wonderful to think upon entered into Johnny's little heart, giving him a joy of life, until the chords of his being thrilled, as the Æolian harp responds to the varying wind, from a placid recitation of content to a tremulous agitato of delight.

But there came one other day in Johnny's life which transcended all others, inasmuch as it endured forever.

He sat in the avenue; it had rained the night before and the little pools of water filling the hollow patches in the pavement were not yet dry. The chestnuts waved their broad green hands and nodded their white plumes to the sun. The air had a clove like aspect and seemed to whisper to older hearts than Johnny's of love and laughter, of hope and health and youth renewed.

"Johnny," sal i a shrill voice, "gimme that flower."

He relinquished the spray of lilac which he held, reluctantly. It had been the one ornament of the forlorn little tree squeezed into that patch of earth which was, by courtesy, Johnny's home. He had watched its struggle into existence, with only the faint encouragement derived from an evening sun. But that day it had reached perfection, and was sweet with a sweetness the more profound from the dullness of its lo'.

A covetous hand had closed round it, however, and the owner, who was a girl about Johnny's own age, perched herself upon the seat beside him. A tattered crimson fez subdued her ruddy locks to auburn; the tarnished gold braid hung in festoons from the brown frock, yet she was a picturesque little figure. Johnny's heart softened within him. He had too keen an appreciation of the beautiful; for whatever its rewards in the next, it is sometimes, in this world, a positive affliction to have an eye for beauty.

"I eats 'em," she said, turning her brilliant eyes upon him and squeezing the precious blossom between her cruel teeth. "Sometimes I git lots of honey out of 'em, but the' ain't no honey in this," and she scattered the fragments with vindictive force. "It's awful bitter; where've you bin all the time?"

"Nowheres, 'cep' down to the Brock street wharf," said Johnny, his eyes reverting to the fragments of the lilac.

"My! You go there all the time, don't you, Johnny! What makes you go there? Kin you hook a ride over to the Island sometimes?"

"No," said he, answering her last question first, "I jes look at the boats an'—" something warned him to keep his dreamland visions to himself—"an' sometimes I find things."

"Money! Say, did you ever find any money! Once I found an awful heap of money; more'n I could carry in my two hands."

Liz was not the soul of truth.

"No, I never found any money—flowers an' things—I mean," said Johnny, conscious that the prospect of securing a few broken flowers would scarcely explain to Liz his passion for the wharf.

"An' things!" she echoed eagerly, taking no notice of the floral inducement. "An' what kind of things?"

"Once I saw a boy find a girl's sash," with a tremendous effort of memory.

"Oh, my!" A greedy look came into her face. "Let's go right down there now. Come before ma calls me home. Oh, quick! Leave those old li-locks lay there. They ain't no good now."

"Somebody might tread on them, I'z an' sometimes I think it hurts them; an' I couldn't forgit it all day that I left 'em to die. I'll be the amberlance and take them to the 'orspital. Whenever I find any flowers with stems too short to hold, I throw 'em into the lake an' there they kin live jest as long as if they hadn't never bin pulled."

They were trotting down the avenue by this time, the girl brimful of greedy expectations and Johnny only too glad of a companionship which, whatever its defects, at least did not mean wrestling or kicking or unexpected games of leapfrog.

They lingered about the Brock street wharf, watching boat after boat come in and depart, but nobody lost even as much as a purple pansy. The girl grew weary and fretful and Johnny, who felt guilty of holding forth prospects which had not been realized, proposed that they should try Doty's wharf.

Away they trudged, past the round-house, where the engines creep in and out, over the rough and dusty road, Johnny's small bare feet leaving their last imprint in the dust, past the men driving their slow horses from the lumber yards. The men glanced lazily at the children; one that saw a resemblance to his own little chicks in the small pair, turned to look after them. None uttered a word of warning, none saw the hand of destiny pointing the children's way, none knew that one small soul was entering into its great inheritance.

The pair scanned the ground eagerly for the things each valued most, but without avail.

"I guess we'd better go home now," said Johnny; adding soothingly, "an' the first time I find anything I'll bring it straight home to you, Liz."

Liz was not paying any attention to him. She was watching with wide opened eyes some object which was drifting in towards the shore. She gave the hand which held hers a violent pull.

"It's a rib'n, Johnny, a blue rib'n," she said; "don't you see it—just out there. Come on; p'raps we kin git it with this," and catching up a stick she ran with it to the edge. But all her wild thrusts and splashes only drove the breast-knot farther from her.

"That log 'ud turn over or I'd go out to the end and get it fur you, Liz," said Johnny, still eager to make amends.

"Oh, it won't—it won't," stretching her foot out in much excitement and giving the great log a push. "See it go—you ain't afraid, Johnny!" with a cunning accent of scorn. "Oh, my! if Bill was on'y here, he'd go before—Oh, Johnny! it'll be clean away in a minute. Do go; I'll hold the log—see I—and I'll give you the 'lovely bokay I've got at home all full of bach'lers' butt'ns 'n carter grass, 'n a piny, 'n red rosies, a-ah!"

Once again the noble for the ignoble.

The scorn had driven Johnny on to the log. He was feeling his way carefully to the end. At every hesitation the cunning mind behind him devised a fresh inducement—"'n a piny 'n' red rosies." In a flash Johnny saw himself again on Garrison Common with the bunch of cream roses, the sun beating down and the birds rising with a "chir-r-r" from the grass.

It was well to go out of the world with this fair picture in his mind, for, as he reached for the poor water-soiled, forgotten breast-knot, the treacherous log turned and he sank down, down, down, where the water, shadowed by the tall elevator, never decks in summer tints, but wears for half the year a fringed and tattered garment of smoky white. Down, where the passion-laden voice of the harp on the Cibola never pierces, and where the only flowers are green and slimy weeds.

And when the girl had got her ribbon, for the widening circles of the water which had blotted out the life of my little Johnny brought the poor thing—which was yet the price of a life—within her still eager grasp, and when the men, after many hours, drew the quiet body from the lake, the lady of the roses saw my poet artist child once again.

Shuddering, and clasping closer the hand of her child, she drew near the silent group.

"Poor little boy," she said sorrowfully; "how old was he?" Then taking the flowers from her throat she passed them over to the tall policeman, telling him to lay them on the child's breast.

"No, no; I do not want to see," as the crowd offered to make way. But there was a fascination for her in the still form. How might her own boy look should such a fate, which God forbid, overtake him? She relaxed timidly towards it and saw for the last time the sweet and noble face of the washerwoman's boy.

And the roses they laid on his breast were real red roses, but they came too late.

Siberia Not a Desert.

Siberia, coupled as its name is with stories of Russian barbarity, is not the barren, terrible land of limitless deserts that fiction and drama have pictured it. The building of the trans-Siberian railway and the extension of lines along the northern frontier of China will greatly change the entire drama of civilization. The railroad from Vladivostock to the Ural mountains will bring that great Russian naval station within fourteen days' journey of St. Petersburg, and along this route stations will rapidly grow into towns and offer opportunities for new and striking development.

Russia's enterprise stimulates that of China, not only as a matter of competitive ambition, but for strategic reasons. The railways now being surveyed and completed within the celestial empire are numerous, and to this end many foreign engineers are employed. Soldiers and convicts are largely employed as workmen, thus cheapening the cost of labor as far as possible. The trans-Siberian railway extends to a length of nearly five thousand miles, and it is expected to cost two hundred million dollars. It is divided into six sections, each section comprising three or four divisions, and the contract for building is given to these, thus employing a large number of contractors for limited distances.

It is a mistake to suppose that Siberia is a desert, or a glacier, or a mountain fastness, or incapable of being made habitable. The valleys are level plains, and said to be as fertile as the western portion of the United States, and it is not unlike the West in the variety of its resources—in minerals, timbers and in agricultural facilities. It is a marvelous treasure-trove of stored-up opportunities. Its wealth is practically unlimited. With the advantages of railroad communication and telegraph lines, a vast country is added to the world of civilization. The cultivation of the land and the introduction of all the elaborate machinery of enlightened life will, as scientists depict, modify the rigors of the climate, although in southern Siberia this obstacle does not exist.

An Ample Apology.

I was present in the reporters' gallery of the House of Commons one famous fighting night, when a famous fighting Irish member rose to denounce a speech delivered from the treasury benches. He desired to say that the statements made by the government's representative were not altogether accurate, but his impetuosity led him on to phrase the Ananias accusation somewhat too concisely.

"Order, order!" said the speaker of the house, as he rose in all the majesty of full-bottomed wig and silken gown. Again and again did the dauntless son of Erin return to his charge of wilful misstatement. Again was he called severely to order. It was a critical moment. His Irish colleagues did not wish him to be suspended for the rest of the debate, and they hinted so by vigorously tugging at his coat-tails.

Now it is a very dangerous matter to trifle with the tail of an Irishman's coat, saving in the cause of friendship. Nevertheless, the indignant yet good-humored honorable member recognized the command of his party and sat down, delivering his beautiful Parthian dart:

"Very well, sir; I obey your ruling, and I beg to retract what I was about to observe."

That one touch of Irish oratory took the house by storm.

The Man of Destiny.

It was in the early days of river navigation that a merry party steamed up the Mississippi on the Mary Annie. Prominent among them was a loud-voiced, overbearing, opinionated man, who took supreme delight in engaging his fellow passengers in long-winded religious arguments.

Predestination was his hobby, and all opposition to his views was overborne by sheer aggressiveness and lung power. From dawn till bedtime he rung the changes on "Whatever will be, will be," until he became the terror of all.

One night there came a shock which brought the boat to a sudden standstill. She had struck a snag. There was really no danger, but for a short time the wildest confusion prevailed among the panic-stricken crowd.

In the midst of all, our argumentative friend was running to and fro in a frenzy of fear, begging and praying for a life preserver.

"My dear sir," said the captain soothingly, "why this needless alarm? Remember that whatever will be, will be forcordained will be, in spite of our efforts to prevent it."

"Oh, I know it," he said, wringing his hands in agony. "I know it. But what is the use to hurry matters?"

Renewed Assurances.

Irate Creditor—No money for me yet! You told me, the first of the month, that you would positively pay me the tenth.

Tranquil Debtor—So I will; but, my dear man, I haven't paid the other nine yet.

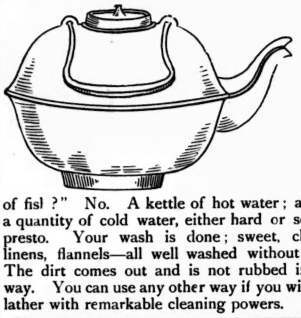
A Boomerang

A church journal says that the infidel sneeringly remarks: "Two-thirds of the church members of this country are women." And the same journal casually mentions the fact that "out of forty-five thousand convicts in the state-prisons more than forty-three thousand are men." Now where should the sneer be placed?

Simply Trying It.

Mr. Up Holsters—See here, get out of that chair! Do you hear me!

Stony Lonesome—Let me 'lone, pard. I'm tryin' it, an' if I like it I'll take three for me drawin'-room.—*Judge.*



"A Pretty Kettle

of fisl ?" No. A kettle of hot water; a cake of "Surprise" Soap; a quantity of cold water, either hard or soft; a little rubbing, and—presto. Your wash is done; sweet, clean, white—laces, cottons, linens, flannels—all well washed without injuring and quickly, too. The dirt comes out and is not rubbed in. This is the "Surprise" way. You can use any other way if you wish. "Surprise" has a great lather with remarkable cleaning powers. READ the directions on the wrapper.

Boys do not Load Our . . Cartridges

As we keep an **Experienced Shooter** loading shells to order.

THE H. P. DAVIES CO., Ltd.
81 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

NOTE.—Persons ordering through mail can do so with as much confidence as if they were here to choose for themselves. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. Mention this paper.

In the Nature of a Confession.

"Hello, John! I'm surprised to see you here," said a gentleman to an acquaintance he met on the train going to the Republican league convention at Buffalo. "But then I'm glad to see you have come over on the Lord's side."

"But I haven't," replied the traveler. "I'm a Democrat."

A Strange Tongue.

Biggerstaff—You are familiar with a number of languages, I believe!

Winebliddle—Yes.

Biggerstaff—I wish you would translate this for me. I think it is Greek.

Winebliddle—No, that's not Greek. That's a Georgia dialect story.

He Has a Cultivated Mind.

"The man who just passed is an educated Indian."

"Then I suppose he lives on a mental reservation."

A Reason For It.

"Dennis, what made the men strike! Do they want more wages!"

"Ough! no, Mr. Ryan, it was just this; some wan sed the walkin' dilegate wasn't earnin' his money, an' he heard it and so he ordhered us to shtrike."

Experienced.

Florrie (passing drug store, reads)—"New buttermilk." Wouldn't you like to have some, Annie? I am so fond of it.

Annie—Yes, but not here. I know a delightful little Jewish place where they sell it fresh from the cow.

A Serious Offence.

Justice (in surprise)—What's the charge, officer?

McGlathery (new member of the force)—For resistin' an officer, Yoour Oi tried t' drive wid her all th' way from Twinty-sicond strate down to Union square an' she resisted me ivery attintion.

They Do Not Despair.

An utter loss of hope is not characteristic of consumptives, though no other form of disease is so fatal unless its progress is arrested by use of Scott's Emulsion, which is cod liver oil made as palatable as cream.

Misnomers Both.

"Curious name," said Hicks. "The idea of calling a worm that is all curves an angle-worm. 'Bout as bad as calling a cake that raises the dence with you an angel-cake."

He Ought to Keep It

Cawker (entering store)—Let me have a bottle of arnica, please.

Dealer—This isn't a drug store.

Cawker—I know that, but you have a sign in your window which says: "Bicyclers' supplies."

As Usual.

He—Well, darling, how have you been today!

She—Oh, nervous, debilitated, sick and unhappy.

He—Heavens! You've been reading those medicine advertisements again, I'll bet a hat.

For headache, toothache and all other aches, St. Jacobs Oil has no equal.

The Knighthood of Labor.

Dramatist—What do you think of my new play, The Ties That Bind?

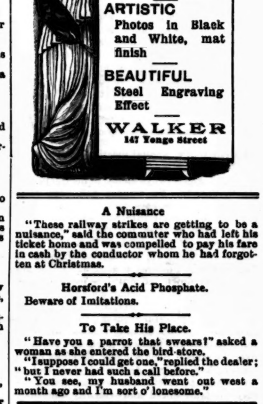
Manager—It isn't hardly realistic enough, Charley. In the strike in the railroad scene you've got to work in a rival labor organization, and scoop the local union.

Have Beecham's Pills ready in the household.

At a New Jersey Sanitarium.

Pilkins—I don't see why you charge me six dollars a day when you charge others only four dollars.

Hotel Keeper—Our medical adviser tells me your respiration is twenty-five per cent. above the normal. We don't give air like ours away.



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A Nuisance

"These railway strikes are getting to be a nuisance," said the commuter who had left his ticket home and was compelled to pay his fare in cash by the conductor whom he had forgotten at Christmas.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
Beware of Imitations.

To Take His Place.

"Have you a parrot that swears!" asked a woman as she entered the bird-store.

"I suppose I could get one," replied the dealer; "but I never had such a call before."

"You see, my husband went out west a month ago and I'm sort o' lonesome."

THE BEST FAMILIES
USE THE DELHI CANNING CO'S
CANNED GOODS
Which are Prepared Specially for the
BEST FAMILY TRADE
Epicure Corn, Sifted Select Peas, Fine French Beans and Epicure Catsup are Special Brands.
When purchasing, ask your grocer for those Brands. See that the Name and Maple Leaf is on every can and bottle, which are guaranteed.

ATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste
FOR CLEANING THE TEETH
30 YEARS IN USE

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.
(Limited) MONTREAL
MANUFACTURERS OF REFINED SUGARS OF THE WELL-KNOWN BRAND
Redpath
OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY AND PURITY
Made by the Latest Processes, and Newest and Best Machinery, not surpassed anywhere.
LUMP SUGAR
In 50 and 100 lb. boxes.
"CROWN" Granulated
Special Brand, the finest which can be made.
EXTRA GRANULATED
Very Superior Quality.
CREAM SUGARS
(Not dried).
YELLOW SUGARS
Of all Grades and Standards.
SYRUPS
Of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.
SOLE MAKERS
Of high class Syrups in Tins, 2 lbs. and 3 lb. each.

Two Men and a Woman.

Henry Wilmerding's dwelling-place was not in any wild and unsettled part of the world, where it might be supposed that personal safety could only be preserved by personal caution and personal daring or readiness, but in a large and well appointed apartment-house, conveniently and centrally located on the most fashionable avenue of the city. His sitting-room was richly and comfortably furnished; there were handsome rugs upon the floor, and the rays from the shaded lamp fell upon a table covered with books, and papers, and the latest magazines. On the walls were many pictures, engravings, etchings, and paintings, and on the top of the book-cases, which ran around the room, were a few pieces of well selected bric-a-brac and small statuary, while the books themselves, which filled all the cases, were further evidence of his taste and cultivation.

Surely his was a home where he might feel secure against any violence or attack of any sort. There were chairs about so comfortable as to invite any occasional occupant of them to repose, and quiet, and forgetfulness of trouble; but in one of the easiest of these, drawn near the table with the lamp, Henry Wilmerding sat cleaning a revolver—an occupation which appeared almost improper, or at least incongruous, in such surroundings. He had removed the cylinder of the pistol from its barrel and stock, and was carefully rubbing it with a silk cloth, while upon the table at his hand were the cartridges he had taken from its chambers.

Suddenly the door, which he had carefully left unlocked, was opened violently from without, and a man entered the room. Wilmerding rose quickly, in astonishment and anger; but the new comer said at once:

"Sit down!" and, taking his hand from his overcoat-pocket, where it had been concealed, he pointed a cocked pistol straight at Wilmerding's breast. Wilmerding was overcome by the suddenness of the intrusion and the action of the man, so terrible in its significance. His knees trembled and he sank back into his chair, weak and for the moment unnerved; but presently, as he saw that the man looking at him somewhat contemptuously, he rallied, and it was with apparently perfect composure that he said:

"Your command is peremptory and unpleasant; but you seem to have the power to enforce it. Well!"

The man walked to the other side of the table, where he stood silently for a moment, looking down at Wilmerding. Then his attention was attracted to the picture of a woman which stood upon the table in a sort of easel-frame. He struck it violently with his left hand, knocking it to the floor.

"How dare you have that—her picture, there?" he asked.

"Oh, see here," Wilmerding answered, in proud carelessness, although he looked at the pistol still pointing directly towards him, and then past it at the angry eyes of his visitor, "I can't change my arrangements to suit the whim of an uninvited and unwelcome guest. Pray, why have you favored me with this visit, Mr. David Bradford?"

"You know well enough why I have come."

"Apparently you have come to quarrel with me. You could not have chosen a happier time—for," Wilmerding returned, as he glanced at his own now useless pistol.

"Ephaw!" Bradford replied, as he noted the direction of Wilmerding's glance. "Now, I can wait; I can kill you when I please; I can be sure that you will feel all that it means; I can know that you will appreciate your punishment. Had you been ready, I would have been compelled to be quicker—that is all."

"Indeed!" asked Wilmerding; "yet I deeply I would not have used my pistol any more than I now care for help. This matter can be settled in only one way. But, if you hold that position long your hand, steady as it is, will shake. Sit down. You will be more comfortable."

Bradford sat down and folded his arms upon the table before him. He held the pistol, still cocked; but it was no longer pointed at Wilmerding. For a moment or so Bradford looked silently at Wilmerding, who, whatever fear he may have felt, showed no sign of it.

"You are cool," Bradford said at last.

"Yes."

"You are very cool."

"I can be very hot. At present I prefer to be cool."

"Do you think that because I give you time I may spare you? Do you think that any plea of yours will help you?"

"When I plead with you, you may respond," Wilmerding replied disdainfully, retaining his wonderful command of himself.

"And yet life should be very pleasant to you; one would think you would find it worth your while to save it."

"It would be mere bravado to say that I court death." Wilmerding replied, as he shrugged his shoulders. "I will not stoop to that.

"Yet death is before you—imminent and certain."

"You are very cool, too."

"I am. Yet man never had greater reason to lose his self-control than I; no man ever had greater cause for passion or anger than I. My very coolness makes my purpose more certain. Passion will not blind me; I will not lose my way.

"Then why do we wait, Bradford?"

"You have grown tired of the situation! I do not wonder. I have something to ask, however.

"A favor to ask!"

"Yes. You owe me something for the havoc and ruin you have wrought in my life."

"I have wrought no havoc, no ruin. For whatever of ruin you have come to, you are yourself responsible. It is you who should be called upon for payment, for reparation. But let that go. I did not mean, I do not choose, to meet any accusation you may wish to bring against me."

"As you please; it will save time."

"Yes; but from your point of view, do I owe you more than my life will pay?"

"More, Wilmerding. Far more. What good will your death do me? Do you think that I have failed to consider the cost of my step to me? It is punishment for you, not reward for me, that I propose to seek in this way."

As Bradford spoke he unfolded his arms and touched gently with the fingers of his left hand his pistol. Wilmerding did not show that he noted the action of Bradford. He laughed coolly.

"You must have arrived at your judgment and planned this—this execution of it deliberately," he said.

"Yes."

"Then it is as a judge, righteous and pure, that it pleases you to pose!"

"Pose!" Bradford repeated.

"I think that that is the word. It may be that you deceive yourself; but you cannot deceive me. I know you too well, Mr. Bradford—altogether too well. You were not happy in your selection of an audience. But come. This favor you were granted. What is it?"

"I want a statement; I want you to write and sign a statement of your relations with my wife."

Wilmerding expressed his astonishment that such a favor should be asked of him, in a long, low whistle. He looked sharply over at his rugly at Bradford, in whose determined face and unchanging attitude there was no indication that he meant either to relent in his purpose or to relax his vigilance. Then Wilmerding moved closer to the table and drew paper before him.

"Nothing could be simpler or easier to do than that," he said; "but I am afraid my statement will not gratify you. To be complete it will have to tell of your relations, too—of your foolish neglect, your inhuman cruelty, your falsity, and your baseness."

"You may include what you please."

"And, as for my relations, why should I not write of them? The whole world may know of them as well as not.

"That is not what I want. I do not care for only a statement of what the world knows or may know. That would not be worth the asking for."

"Then—" Wilmerding began; but Bradford interrupted him.

"I want a complete statement—a truthful statement, no matter who is harmed, no matter who is incriminated."

Wilmerding, as if his task were a hopeless one, pushed away the paper he had drawn before him. He leaned back in his chair.

"Ah, I know," he said; "I thought so. You do not want the only statement I can write—that would not serve your purpose. You seek to justify yourself. You do not want the truth; it is not truth you want at all, but a lie. I will not write it. Yet I thank you."

"Yes; I have given you a chance."

"A chance!" Wilmerding repeated, as though he did not understand. "I thanked you because you had not tried to bargain with me; because you had not offered me my life in exchange for the lying statement you want. That great dishonor you have spared me, and I thank you."

"But I will make a bargain with you; I will give you your life for the statement I want."

Wilmerding rose. He pushed his chair from him so that it fell noisily to the floor. For the first time in the interview he spoke angrily and without the control of himself he had maintained.

"You scoundrel!" he said. Bradford rose from his seat, recoiled a step or two, raised his pistol, but then lowered it again as Wilmerding spoke on. "How dare you think of me so badly? How dare you think I would purchase even life at such a price as that? You want the truth, you say. I do love your wife. Is that the truth you want? I do love your wife more than I love life or fear death. I love her, I say; but no word of love from me has ever hurt her ears. No word of love for me has ever sullied her lips; yet I know she loves me. That is the most glorious truth I know. She loves me as she never did, never could have loved you."

Wilmerding, as though now he only wished that some end might be brought to the interview, any end to the suspense, leaned far over the table toward Bradford and pulled his waistcoat open, impatiently. Bradford raised his pistol again; his finger was on the trigger.

"Do not be impatient," he said. "You may even now change your decision and save your life."

Wilmerding straightened himself and pulled at his collar as though he found it hard to breathe. Then he raised his hand as if imploringly.

"Wait," he said. "One minute!"

"Ah!" Bradford said, as he smiled scornfully; "you know the terms."

"And you can think I will accept them! Wait. There, in that cabinet behind you—"

Bradford smiled again and shook his head. Wilmerding divined his thought at once.

"You fear to trust me," he went on, and he, too, smiled; "you are wise. But if you will only extend your left hand a little, you may open it for me—so. On that shelf—a little lower, please—there is a box. Hand it to me."

Bradford had followed the directions given him by Wilmerding not without thought of what might be intended; but the box, he found, was small and light. It could contain no weapon, and he threw it carelessly upon the table between them. Wilmerding took it, and opened it and looked at its contents.

"Bradford," he continued slowly, "you could not, I suppose, have retained the love of your wife. Fate and yourself—your own character—were against you and were too strong for you; but you might, at least, have tried to retain her respect; you might have chosen not to make all her life a hideous nightmare; you might have chosen not to trample upon her and upon the love she bore you. Even now, while seeking, as you say, to do but justice and to punish me, you are willing to make her the life-long victim of a ruinous scandal. I can save her. You are secure in your own defence, for it is the way to let such a crime as you intend go unpunished. You see that I feel the unassailable strength of your position; I have felt it too long and too much; I have respected only too well your rights; I have chosen not to attempt to storm the barrier her horrible blunder of long ago put between my love and me. Had I cared less for her I might—who knows?—have taken her from you and all your world. Ever since I had the fortune to meet her and to learn to love her—good fortune I call it, not misfortune, though I stand in your power—I have done the best I could for her—the best I could to make her life bearable, to lighten her sorrows. I have lived my life—I have not been an angel; but I turned her and for her I have been only good. And you! Can you ever say so much? Now you offer to spare my life. I decline your offer. I know a way to spare her. Now—the world will wonder; but scandal will not touch her. Be a little generous to her."

As he finished speaking, he took from the box he held in his hand two of the little capsules it contained and swallowed them. Almost immediately he fell back in his chair.

Bradford, who had stood motionless, scarcely comprehending the meaning of his words, stepped toward him. He had spoken of justice and punishment, but it was hate that made him raise his pistol and fire at Wilmerding's form. After a pause he shot again, and then, as quickly as he could, he fired the remaining charges in his revolver.—*William McKendree Bangs in San Francisco Argonaut.*

Silencing a Tip-Hunting Waiter.

The patron looked like a generous man, and after the waiter had served the order he hovered about the table. He evidently had been trained on the idea that a good waiter is practically a noiseless one who says nothing.

"Steak all right, sah?" he asked.

"I haven't tried it yet," replied the patron coldly.

The waiter said, "All right, sah," and moved to the other side of the table. When the steak had been tried he ventured:

"Rare enough, sah?"

"I will do," was the reply.

There was another pause and then the waiter asked:

"Potatoes cooked right, sah?"

The patron beckoned him to come nearer.

"When I came in here," he said, "I supposed everything would be all right."

"Yes, sah."

"I took it for granted and ordered on that theory.

"Of cou'se, sah."

"And if there is anything wrong I might say confidentially that there is an excellent way to find it out."

"Yes, sah."

"Yes; you just keep within earshot and say nothing, and if there is anything wrong I'll talk. I can do it. And that up—"

"Yes, sah."

"You needn't keep working me for it. I don't want to be disturbed. You go to the man who waited on me. I never can forget a noisy waiter, and I always remember a still one."

He was not disturbed again.—*Kansas City Mail.*

A Judicial Decision.

A young lawyer was asked the other day why, in the English courts, a woman must always remove her hat before testifying. Then an old lawyer, to whom the question was referred, recalled the opinion of Sir Edward Coke on the matter. It was a murder trial, where the prisoner was a woman and appeared before the court with her head covered. Sir Edward Coke ordered the woman to uncover her head, and said:

"A woman may be covered in church, but not when arraigned in a court of justice.

The accused tartly replied:

"It seems singular that I may wear my hat in the presence of God, but not in the presence of man."

"It is not strange at all," replied the judge, "for the reason that man, with his weak intellect, can not discover the secrets which are known to God; and, therefore, in investigating truth where human life is in peril and one is charged with taking life, the court should see all obstacles removed. The countenance is often the index to the mind, and, accordingly, it is fitting that the hat should be removed, and therewith the shadow which it casts upon your face."

The hat of the prisoner was taken off, but she was allowed for modesty's sake to cover her hair with a kerchief.

It May be Interesting to Know

That when excursion rates are made to Chicago for people living in the East, or else while there to attend the World's Fair next year, it is contemplated by the Western roads to also make excursion rates from Chicago to all principal business and tourist points in the West, Northwest and Southwest, so that those who desire to spend a few weeks among their friends in the Great West, will have the opportunity of so doing without incurring much additional expense. It may be well to consider this subject in advance of the time of starting, and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. has issued maps and time tables containing other instructive matter, which it will be glad to furnish free of expense upon application by postal card addressed to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 6 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., or to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

CHARRYTE—Your study reads very like a quotation. Is it?

DIXIE.—You are observant and rather clever, fond of your own way and rather obstinate in opinion, quick to thought, discreet but not reserved, of excellent constancy and good perseverance, some energy and self-assertion.

HIGH.—Your writing has five strings; the wire costs but a trifle. You are amiable, sensible, considerate and fond of fun, generally hopeful, not particularly lively, but with some imagination. Writing pen-name or excellent development.

VICE.—Strong will, impatience, brightness and buoyancy, lack of self-control, generally amiable but somewhat difficult to please, subject to moods, and while a self-reliant and independent character, yet easily flattered and influenced by friends.

SPITFIRE.—I think your pet name is a libel on you. You are witty and bright, adaptable, quick-tempered, fond of notice, rather sensible and practical, with a great deal of character and plenty of energy, good perseverance and affection. A sensible young woman. My love to you.

VERA.—This writing lacks ideality and ambition. The writer is rather conservative, frank, constant and slightly impulsive. Good judgment is shown, but also a tendency to monopolize a sandard. There is a lack of the graceful lines, which show the attractive and sympathetic woman; but, on the whole, the character is worthy of respect.

CHAYTRAY.—This is the kind of letter which makes me tired. Time was when you used to take great pleasure in attempting to delineate your writing, which is simply a childish scrawl, or answering your nice ridiculous questions. I shall turn you over to the W. P. C. at least, but remember that such letters as yours make a Correspondence Editor profane.

NAUGHATUCK.—1. See Naples and die; see the Bay of Naples and die; see Venice and die, are various forms of the same bad advice. 2. You are vivacious, good-meaning, fond of social intercourse, a little outspoken and indiscreet, slightly witty, rather an idealist, not very firm in manner, but very difficult to impose upon, a character possessed of a good deal of development and future good qualities.

RACHEL.—This is an exceedingly stable and critical character, fond of a good time, appreciative of comforts, formed to rule wisely and well, rather sharp in judgment, but just in fault; of good development and great energy, prudent, patient, though sometimes sensitive and resentful of criticism; very constant in effort, a thoroughly well poised person. I think, Rachel, I have very fond of a husband.

JACK.—1. You are very discouraging! So you think, though you have discovered I am false, that I have not loved her blameless, my dear girl-boy. I should have to swallow it, to make it last through this column. 2. Your writing shows candor, imagination, self-assertion, a tendency to despond rather than hope; you are careful, rather neat, thoughtful and generally good-tempered, fond of sympathy and a very decided caution and reserve. You are not communicative, have good taste, adaptability, like dry wit and cautious, are a little too matter-of-fact, and would be better for a taste of romance and a little more trust in your fellow-men.

TWO EIGHTY EIGHT.—1. I don't much enjoy Tolstoi's books, and I quite detest some of them. 2. I have read The Quick and the Dead, and I found it interesting, but my interest arose from associations connected with events which made it very interesting to me. 3. The fall of Sedan was grand. Napoleon, rather noble-minded, and exceedingly faithful and roll his. Tact and finesse of all sorts are foreign to you, and all the people you look on the world through are angels. Without being at all pedantic, you are rather intellectual, and though lacking in decision and fixed opinions, are a very interesting study.

VALERIE.—1. Answer an invitation as soon as you know whether you can accept or must decline it. Remember it is not possible to answer at once, but never delay unnecessarily. 2. Unless the calling day of your hostess comes the very next day or two after the party, call on the lady if it comes so soon wait until her next reception day. 3. Your writing shows good temper, a capacity for taking care of others, rather a matter-of-fact and placid nature, a frankness in speech, which is sometimes excessive, and a little self-adoration. Some of these qualities I might lay to the charge of immaturity, might I not?

BITTERSWEET, ONT.—You are too fond of poising, too self-conscious, rather apt to look on the world through prejudices and manierisms not at all attractive. What one might call a dilettante person to get on with. I am sorry there is something lackluster; it is some unselfish outside object of thought and care. You have many good points, are persevering, capable of self-denial and generally honest and truthful. Please get over your discontent and appreciate your blessings. A good student, a pretty home and lots of kind friends are enough to make you happy, but not in spite of yourself.

SAPPHO.—I really did not want "all your experiences" in six lines. Mr. Mac, six lines are plenty to decipher your character, which is far removed from any of the muses! You are a variable-tempered, inconsistent and prejudiced little Greek, and with such a charm and way about you that most people forget your failings and like you in spite of them. I think you don't give much time to culture nor study, and that your opinions are hastily formed; you have a little artistic streak in you, but are not cosmopolitan; judgment is faulty and your want of taste and tact lamentable. But, really, it is breaking a butterfly to criticize you. I'll stop.

OMEGA KNIGHT.—Aren't you some relation of Chatterbox? I am tempted to crib your questions, but they are too idiotic and ten of them deserve their fate, the W. P. B. Once for all, don't waste your time and thoughts on questions of any sort which don't concern you, or on enquiries about department which anyone above the position of a scullery maid ought to know by instinct. As to the lady you acquaint me about, I have the pleasure of her acquaintance and have often enjoyed her charming singing. A suitable name for a very black and white lady would be Iris, in marking and sex. Beau, Parson, Spot, Topsey, Dhu, Pirate and Shady are names of black cats and catseus whom I have known.

MIMOSA.—I think I answered you in a very remote issue. I hope I did, for I intended to, and most unprecedented for letter and correspondence. If I did, I surely told you to go right on and buy your tables and chairs and set up the home flag-staff. Does tell me whether you did or not. I am so glad to find that any word of mine had cheered you. Of course since receiving your letter I have thought of you and may more a stranger to me either. It shows me deep feeling and rather an erratic will, great desire for approbation. You would do quarrels under provocation, but lack self-control and steady and calm purpose, having many a little humor, and being a little too fond of your prestige. Please do tell me of your well being. I want to know.

TOM PINCH.—I never knew that Dickens was unhappy in his domestic affairs; rather the reverse was my impression. How did you come by your knowledge? I don't think so many clever men make unhappy matrimony nowadays as formerly, when women were half educated and full of tyrannic lightness. Your query as to whether the unhappiness is to be blamed on the man or the woman shows that you haven't known many actual cases of the kind or you'd have no opinion. You are quite right about the writing. It is not often the most attractive writing which is best for a study. Yours shows intensity of purpose with reserve in action, at times becoming decided wavering, amiable and kindly thought, some hope, decided buoyancy and rather a superficial method. You are a little conscious as times and decidedly too fond of sulking; relaxation, read breezing up and pulling together to form a strong individuality. At the same time you are kind and charming, and if you keep your eyes open and are careful you will go through life beloved and shielded. I most assure you that the fact of hearing the famous tenor you mention does not always make people happy. He is decidedly on the wane and isn't a bit impassioned or magnetic.

GUY.—This is another childish epistle, but very different from Chatterbox's. Oh, Guy, how I laughed as you! 1. The proper way to spell your name is Evelyn; it is generally pronounced without sounding the second e. 2. You are anything but stupid; but, my dear girl, your writing is not formed enough for a delineation, and rather is your character—both will be the better of time and training, but you are a fine girl and your letter was not a bit too long. 5. If I were you, I would stick to coral hand for the present As you grow older the angles will come, do not doubt. 4. As to the shooting, it is a sure sign he knew how, and I'm sure you would pop a burglar as soon as look at him. 5. I hope your dad won't make you play the piano for two hours a day, if you don't care for it. Let him be count up how many hours a year you will waste, and put you at some thing more sensible. At the same time, one must do as one's dad says, you know. 6. A name takes at confirmation is certainly fully authenticated, and one can change the Christian name, if he wish. I like the new one you chose very much. 7. Yes, I spent a very happy Sunday there five years ago, and I am sure it is not duller than most small towns 8. I wonder who you looked at when you intended to look at me. I certainly was not there.

Life's Unhappy Features

Eye—My surroundings are not out of sight by any means, and notwithstanding I get plenty of the dust, I always know that the lash is hanging over me, and likely to descend at any minute.

Nose—Well, if you think my lot's sneezy one you ought to be made acquainted with the hard blows I get.

Lip—Either of you are better situated than I am, for there's never a time but I feel I'm simply hanging on by the skin of the teeth.

Chin—Oh, you kickers don't know when you're well off. None of you have the ups and downs I do.

Very Truthful.

Buyer—Is this suit all wool?

Mozinsky—I won't lie to you, mein frient; id is not. De buttons vas made of sligk.

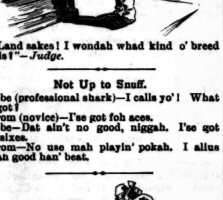
Repentant.

Convict—This here murdering people ain't what it's cracked up to be.

Religious adviser—What has caused your change of heart?

Convict—I hain't had a darned bouquet, and I've been here a month.

A New Breed.



"Land sakes! I wondah what kind o' breed dat is?"—*Judge.*

Not Up to Snuff.

Jobe (professional shark)—I calls yo' What yo' got?

From (novice)—I'se got foh aces.

Jobe—Dat ain't no good, niggah. I'se got five sizes.

From—No use mah playin' pokah. I allus git an good han' beat.

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HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

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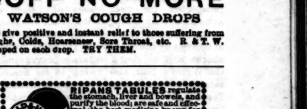

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Music.

MUCH interest was felt by all sections of society in the recital given on Tuesday evening last by Mr. Harry M. Field at Association Hall. Mr. Field's absence for two years in Germany naturally led his many admirers to expect a considerable advance in his powers, and the other people, not his admirers, equally naturally went to the recital to find food for their disapproval. The two parties together made a fine audience, and if the applause and its unanimity may be taken as a criterion of the audience's opinion of Mr. Field's playing it is fair to assume that the cavilers were mightily converted. I must compliment Mr. Field, first of all, upon the good judgment he showed in making up his programme. The arrangement of a programme has almost come to be looked upon as a lost art, so frequently do they degenerate into mere lists, put together in any kind of a way—without thought for contrasts or climaxes. In the case under notice Mr. Field gave us a most agreeable diversity and a modulation, so to speak, from the severe to the elegant, thence to the romantic and brilliant.

Mr. Field commenced with a Bach Gizue, which he played with delightful ease and flow of execution. This served as a sort of "finger-warmer" to the Beethoven Sonata in F sharp major, in which Mr. Field's attainments showed up for the judgment of his hearers. Mr. Field has in former years charmed me by his poetic grace—as a pianist, *bien entendu*—and warmth of fancy; he has added to these attributes and to-day shows greater intellectuality in his play, as well as a greater reliance upon his own taste and judgment. His playing indicates that he is not afraid to impress his own individuality upon his renditions, and yet this is done with modesty and reserve. He does not descend to the bizarre, nor to the exaggerated. His rather creates the impression that what he does is well weighed and clearly designed. This raising of himself above the merely emotional imparts to his work dignity of conception, and enables him to pay especial attention to his phrasing, in which detail he was peculiarly happy. Refinement and taste are also characteristics that made many people proud of the young Canadian on Tuesday evening. Mr. Field's technique seems abundant in its resources, and his Chopin playing showed a beautiful roundness and delicacy. I have said that he did not descend to the bizarre, but a peculiarity of his play is occasionally noticeable, and that is a sideward blow of the little finger, fold-d under the hand, upon a low bass note, which looks like a new discovery.

•

The vocal work of Mrs. Frank Mackelcan was admirable. She gave a fine rendering of Gastaldon's Forbidden Music, but reached her best when she sang Nevin's Oh, That we two Were Maying. This she sang with great taste and with such feeling that many in the audience felt their emotions stirred more than they liked in a public room. Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson was not particularly happy in her selections, but won much and hearty applause. She played carefully and with a delightful tone. Mrs. Bight, as usual, did the accompaniments full justice.

•

The Philharmonic Society has issued its prospectus for the season of 1892-93 and announces that owing to its being honored by an invitation to represent the musical culture of Canada by taking part in the Mass Festival chorus and to sing a separate programme at the World's Fair, and owing to its desire to establish a permanent first-class orchestra in Toronto, it will vary its usual routine by arranging a programme which will further both these desirable objects by giving three concerts. One of these will be a standard oratorio or cantata with full chorus, orchestra and solo talent, and two grand orchestral concerts with vocal selections. This should, as far as the attractive power of its scheme is concerned, make this a banner year for the old Philharmonic. The variety promised in this prospectus is, to my mind, the surest means of increasing the society's popularity with the general public.

•

The Handel Male Quartette, four gentlemen whose singing has several times given me great pleasure, will give a concert at Association Hall on Tuesday evening next. Miss Agnes Knox, Mr. Fred Warrington and the Euterpia *(sic)* choir of thirty voices under the direction of Mr. Charles Ruse will also take part.

•

The first annual meeting of the Toronto Church Choir Association was held on Monday afternoon, when the annual report was read, and a scheme of work outlined for the coming season, which should impart fresh interest in the objects of the association. The officers were elected for the ensuing year, being the Lord Bishop of Toronto, hon. president; Canon DuMoulin, president; Rev. J. Pearson and Mr. Samuel Nordheimer, vice-presidents; Rev. F. G. Plummer, precentor; Mr. G. H. Loud, secretary; Mr. J. C. Kemp, treasurer; and the following executive committee: Revs. S. Jones, Canon Cayley, A. J. Broughall, J. C. Roper and Street-Macklem, and Messrs. Fairclough, Phillips, Harrison, Schuch, Burch and Warburton.

METRONOME.

•

The all-absorbing topic of conversation during the past week in musical circles has been concerning the plans and prospects of the new musical society, of which detailed mention was made in the last issue of SATURDAY NIGHT. Opinions appear to be very much divided as to the outcome of the new venture, despite the auspicious opening meeting of the society and the enthusiasm of its promoters. The new aspirant for public support will be known as The Orpheus Musical Society, and I am pleased to learn that in the matter of influential patronage (the Lieutenant-Governor and Sir Casimir Gzowski being mentioned in this connection) and in the general plan of organization the names of gentlemen are included whose past efforts in the cause of music should be a guarantee of success in this new and untried sphere of action.

•

The president's inaugural speech contained many excellent reasons why such a scheme as that undertaken by the Orpheus Society should be supported by the public and prove a benefit to the cause of music in the city. Reference was made to a "growing indifference of the public towards oratorio" as one of the reasons why the new society considered the present plan might be especially justifiable. Much has been written during the past year concerning the meagre support accorded oratorio in Toronto, and various reasons have been advanced why this regrettable state of affairs should exist in our midst. Among the many causes mentioned, the correct ones no doubt have been included, but for my part I do not feel that the non-support of oratorio rises from any indifference towards this honored form of the art, any more than that the phenomenal success of our vocal societies might be attributable to an apparent comparative preference on the part of the public for unaccompanied part singing. The causes which have led to the present position of oratorio in Toronto are rather delicate matters to discuss. Critics who might be inclined to carp at affairs as they exist have an excellent opportunity of remedying matters if they feel competent to do so, but the promoters of opera will find (beyond the present success of the scheme they have undertaken) that the public will be as ready to withdraw support from their venture as from others if the same reasons might be found for so doing. I do not imagine that the particular form of the art will be of much consequence unless the quality of the work presented by the Orpheus meets with general approval. The make-up of the chorus, the discipline of the orchestra and its familiarity with its work, and to a certain extent, perhaps to a great extent, the soloists engaged at the public performances, all will prove powerful factors in ensuring the permanency of the organization.

•

The English musical press is seriously divided in its opinions as to the merits of Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera, Haddon Hall. In the opinion of the musical editor of the London *Times*, the music in the two opening scenes hardly rises above the level of its poor text. On the other hand, the *Musical News* regards the opera as a most valuable contribution to the national music of England, and is unstinted in its praises of the work. Other journals take a medium course, pointing out the undeniable weakness in some portions of the opera while acknowledging the beauty of others. Sir Arthur appears to recognize the justice of many of the exceptions taken to the work, and purposes re-writing fragments of it. The same is true of his grand opera, Ivanhoe, which is being completely overhauled. The general concensus of opinion seems to be that the popular composer of Pinafore and the Mikado has not added anything to his fame in his last two operatic ventures. The beautiful music of Ivanhoe seldom rises to the height of grandeur demanded in grand opera, the character of the music being too suggestive of his comic operas to prove a dignified mantle for so heroic a theme as that of Ivanhoe. As an eminent critic asks in summing up Ivanhoe, "When are we to have another Iolanthe?"

•

An event of more than passing interest was the concert given last Tuesday evening at the Conservatory of Music by the faculty of that enterprising institution. On this occasion the new and elegant concert hall of the Conservatory was first used. This little "Music Hall," with a seating capacity of about 400, proved to be excellently adapted to the uses for which it is intended, its acoustic properties being excellent and its general appointments in every way admirable. Among the numbers on the programme which deserve special mention were the pianoforte solos of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, recently returned from Germany, and the recitations of Miss Bowes and Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., the newly appointed teacher of elocution at the Conservatory. Mr. Tripp's numbers were rendered in a most musicianly manner, giving ample evidence of the thorough character of his work accomplished by him under the instruction of Herr Moszkowski last season. Mr. Shaw in his Shakespearean reading scored a genuine success and won the appreciative enthusiastic applause of his hearers. The presence of the Lieutenant-Governor at the concert was a graceful indication of His Honor's interest in the welfare of the Conservatory. After the concert the large audience were invited to inspect the building and its appointments. The elegance of the different apartments, added to the modern character of the improvements, elicited expressions of surprise and admiration on all sides.

MODERATO.

Huckleberries.

I went huckleberrying with my next door neighbors, an old couple of seventy, who had picked "pails of 'em" on huckleberry plains. We walked a mile and a half, and such huckleberries when we got there! Little larger than the head of a pin. The old lady said we "couldn't expect 'em bigger, for 'twas third crop." I thought it might have been the thirtieth for size. I stumbled into man traps in the shape of post holes that some farmer had dug before his farm was turned into speculating real estate. I thought I was all broke up; my back and my limbs and my neck all cracked together. My temper broke anyway, and I said, "Shoot it—my stars." We sat down for the lunch, which the lady had in her pocket, and the old man pulled out the inevitable pipe. I asked him if he liked his pipe better than his wife, and his reply was: "My wife's my wife, but my pipe's my comfort," and I think he kissed it; the noise sounded like it anyway. I got home with a pint of berries.

I listened to a huckleberry dialogue in a store one day.

"Look at the huckleberries," exclaimed one.

"They're not huckleberries; they're billberries."

"Billberries! They're no such thing. I guess I know huckleberries. I've picked pails of them."

"Well, I've picked more billberries than you ever saw huckleberries."

"There is no such name as billberry," broke in the third person. "The right name is whortleberry."

I left. How long the debate lasted I can't tell, but I, Elizabeth Betsy Bess, have been huckleberry-billberry-whortleberrying. LIZ.

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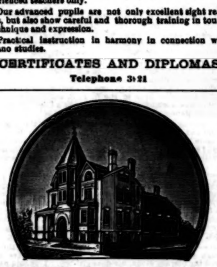

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

gentlemen as Mr. Sprado have certainly chosen a very insidious and taking way of advertising their country. It is really charming to see how these Westerners love their province, love liberty and know how to interest outsiders in their prairie world.

•

Mrs. Worthington and Mrs. Keighley have returned from a delightful visit to Mrs. George H. Worthington at Cleveland, Ohio.

•

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, the pianist, who has lately returned from Berlin, Germany, where he has been studying with Moszkowski, will give his first recital on Friday evening, November 4, in the new music hall of the Conservatory. Mr. Tripp will play selections from Bach, Beethoven, Weber, Chopin, Liszt, Grieg and Moszkowski.

•

Remenyi, the violinist, will give recitals in the Auditorium on Friday and Saturday evenings, November 4 and 5, with Saturday matinee. He will be assisted by Mlle. Florence Sage, Miss Minnie Methot, and James A. Marshbank. The critic of the Chicago *Post* calls Remenyi the poet of the violin and gives him the most unreserved praise.

•

Mrs. Muldrew, accompanied by Misses Ruth, Ellie and Gertie Muldrew, returned last week after a pleasant European tour.

•

Among the many ladies who have great pity and sympathy for neglected children Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth is foremost. When

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

AS GOVERNESS—A Young Lady Having a good education, musical and literary, and experience in teaching, will give her services in exchange for a home. Competent to teach one foreign language if desired. Excellent testimonials and references. Address TEACHER, SATURDAY NIGHT Office.

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MONDAY, OCTOBER 31

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

A GREAT PRODUCTION—GEORGE PECK'S MONSTER MELODRAMATIC SPECTACLE

Under the Lion's Paw

With a strong cast, tons of special scenery, and introducing in the managerie scene

Col. E. D. Boone and Milli Carlotta

AND THEIR

7-NUBIAN LIONS-7

Frolicking, like children, in a massive steel cage.

Programme—8.05 p. m., The Midnight Marriage. 8 30 p. m., The Police Call. 9 p m., The Circus Grounds. 9 20 p. m., Performance of the Lions. 9.45 p.m., Lion Tamer's Rescue. 10 10 p.m., Under the Lion's Paw. 10 30 p.m., Carriage.

Usual Prices Prevailing. Seats Now on Sale.

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Association Hall, Thursday Evn'g, Nov. 3

Admission 25c Reserved seats 50c.

Plan at Nordheimer's on and after Monday, October 31.

A Dutch Farmer

by the name of Schaik von Nickerk, of Cape Colony, seeing the children of a neighboring Boer playing with a pretty pebble was struck by its lustre and weight.

He offered to purchase it from Mrs. Jacobs, the mother of the children, but the idea of selling the stone was laughed at by the good woman, and she gave it to him at once as it was considered of no value. The "pretty pebble" proved to be a diamond, and was shown at the Paris Exposition of 1867 and afterwards sold for £500.

Such is the history of the first diamond found in Africa. Our stock of set and loose diamonds is the largest in the city, and being selected personally in Amsterdam—the market of the world—IS RIGHT IN PRICE.

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Euterpia Choir

MR. CHAS. RUSE - - Musical Director

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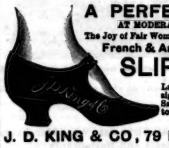

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend of Four per cent. on the Capital Stock of the Company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after the FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT, at the office of the Company, corner Victoria and Adelaide Streets.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th November, inclusive.

By order of the Board,

S. C. WOOD, Manager.

Toronto, 19th October, 1892.

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The Fall and Winter overcoat being worn this season is very much longer than what has been worn for the past few seasons, made single or double breasted, the latter having the preference; the style of goods—Beavers, Meltons and Fine Kerseys. If you wish to dress in the tastiest garments of the latest styles and yet in the end the most economical, we will be pleased to take your order and produce something very satisfactory. We are willing to let our work speak for itself, and assert positively that those who have received clothes from us always come back again. Such are the qualities which are flourishing at the Fashionable West End Tailoring Establishment.

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TORONTO

In our August Clearing Sale all goods are marked to capture those who buy a good thing when they see it.

Webster's Great Dictionary, $1.25. Well bound books, all good authors, 15c.; best of 4th bound, 19c. Paper cover books, all good authors, 7c, regular price 25c. Dore's Bible Gallery and other works, 95c. These last are Cassell's best edition.

Shawl straps in great variety, 10c., reduced from 25c. We will close a large consignment of beautiful Albums at less than cost of importation, and not one-half of usual cost. See them.

Boys' Safety Bicycles, $6, were $12, and with rubber tire $8, were $16. Boys' High Wheel, $3 50, were $7.50. Baby Carriages, $8 50, were $10. Hammocks, 50 per cent. of real value.

Handsome Croquet Sets, 64c., worth $1.25; Toilet Paper, full 1000 sheet package, 9c, Rolls, 10c.

An immense Display of Agate Ironware Teapots, 50c., worth $1 25; Preserving Kettles at half price; best Crown and Gem Preserving Jars, pints, 88c.; quarts, 99c.; 2 quarts, $1.24.

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Store closes at 6.30 p.m., except Saturday evening, open until 10.30 p.m. Come and see.

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NOV. - - 4, 11, 18, 25

DEC. - 2, 9, 16, 23, 30 1892

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FASHIONABLE MANTLES

JUST ADDED TO OUR STOCK.

NEW STYLES EVERY WEEK

WE INVITE INSPECTION

R. WALKER & SONS

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

the Children's Temporary Shelter was opened at 18 Centre street she evinced great interest and gave generous practical help. At its meeting this week the Children's Aid Society, of whose work the Shelter is a branch, unanimously elected this good lady to life membership.

At the sign of the May-pole, at the Olde Englyshe Fayre, hungry and weary folk will find all sorts of toothsome dainties, such as fresh oysters, trifles and whips, Devonshire junket, clear jellies, and most excellent tea and coffee. At the tea urn will be found Mistress Jane Muttleberry, and at the festive board Dames Symons, Williamson, Elzas, Parsons, Wright, and Wellington.

The children who have been practicing for Ye Olde Englyshe Fayre, and whose very beautiful performance I referred to last week, take the following characters in the Dream of the Seasons. Good angels must watch over the slumbers of the clever lady whose dream is to be represented by these dear little folk. In fact, I am filled with admiration of the capabilities of Mrs. Arthurs, whose designing and grouping and inventive genius has produced such a charming series of tableaux and costumes. Spring is heralded by four heralds, the Misses Mabel McKinley, Lois Taylor, Berta Lee and Mabel Virtue. The sleeping flowers are wakened by a fairy, Dottie Lamont, and are represented by Katie McKenzie, Lilian Warren, Gertrude Mellroy, Edith Maulson, Charlotte Stout, Modell Pearson, Zaidee Drayton and Dot Oldfield. Two tiny lilies of the valley are Olive Shepherd and Callie Snow, and a pair of darling wee Cupids are Allan Galbraith and Rupert Mellroy. Spring showers, Aileen Kertland, Mollie Waldie, Janet Fuller, Constance Glazebrook. Rainbow, Evelyn Cameron, Ethel Stone, Lily Lee, Carrie Fuller, Ethel Mollington, Gwen Francis, Viola Callaghan, Beatrice Pearson, Georgie Pierce, Edith Coady, Queenie Lockwood, Gertie Foy, Mona Pyne, Victorie Allison, Beatrice Francis and Myrtle Ivey. Summer is also heralded by the same heralds. A bevy of flower maidens includes: Josie Sheppard, Edith Hill, May Lecoeur, Maud Farquhar, Ethel Mackenzie, May Oldfield, Edith Keighley and Helen Boyd. Two butterflies are represented by Olive Walker and Gladys Edwards. Dottie Lamont is queen of a most ingenious hive of bees, numbering among them: Arthur Bendelari, John Wright, Joe Mackenzie, Randolph Stockwell, Harold Mara, Murray and Leslie Wilson, Fred Pyne, Frank and Jack Foy, Douglas Mason, Willie Keighley, Frank McIlroy, Rose Boyd, Guy McCrae and Douglas Ross. The Gardeners are Fergus Hayne and Rupert Lovell. Autumn is personated by Miss Bertha Grantham. The Autumn dance is to be performed by Olive Drayton, Muriel Macdonald, Ella Fox, Annie Campbell, Jessie Waldie and Amy Thompson, under the instructions of Professor Davis. The Autumn gowns are richly colored and the maidens carry reaping hooks. Peace and Plenty are represented by Misses Annie Lamport and Nellie Molesworth, and Justice by Miss Minnie Lamport. The Bees and Butterflies also appear. Winter introduces the Snow Queen, Miss Amy Laing, and the Frost Maidens, who are those forming the Spring Rainbow. A minuet is danced by Misses Eva Keighley, Dottie Lamont, Edith Stanway and Annie Flett; Donna Lamont, Clara Port, Susie Mara, and Rossie Fuller taking the cavaliers' parts. Four stately snow maidens, Misses Edith Mulock, Sweetie Cross, Reve Stigman and Carrie Davis, and four snow imps, Artie Bendelari, John Wright and Leslie and Murray Wilson, complete the *dramatis personæ* of one of the most beautiful conceptions ever seen in Toronto. Madames Arthurs, Bendelari and Drayton may well be proud of it. Mrs. Irvine Cameron has worked cheerfully as accompanist for the dances, and will take charge of an amateur orchestra for the several performances. Miss Denzil, a recent acquisition to Toronto's bright *role* of clever women, has trained the Autumn Chorus.

Excursion to City of Mexico

On Nov. 19 to 26 inclusive, the Wabash Railway will sell tickets to the City of Mexico at lowest first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets good going via Detroit and St. Louis and returning via Chicago, or *vice versa*, valid up to Dec. 31. This will be the grandest opportunity ever given to see this ancient land of the Aztecs. Words fail in describing the majestic and beautiful scenery on this trip, admitted to be without equal on the American continent and not surpassed in the world. Full particulars at the Wabash new office, northeast corner of King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Among the best books recently issued by the National Publishing Company are The Ivory Gate, a powerfully written story of intense interest; Miss Dividends, an exciting story by the author of Mr. Barnes of New York, and Through Pain to Peace, by Sarah Doudney. Of the latter the London *Literary World* says: "There is a distinct pleasure in taking up a story so idyllic in its purity and tenderness."

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Parlor, Table, Banquet.
ENGLISH SILK SHADES
All sizes, in Terra, Blue, Red, Orange, Green.
NEW CONSIGNMENTS
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Our stock in every line is complete.
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IMPORTERS

Bingham's Perfumes
All the Latest Odors
100 Yonge St.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births

COOK—Oct. 12, Mrs. G. H. Cook—a s n.
FERGUSON—Oct. 21, Mrs. Wm. Ferguson—a daughter.
BUTLER—Oct. 4, Mrs. Fred Butler—a daughter.
KERR—Oct. 9, Mrs. F. Kerr—a son.
BURNS—Oct. 24, Mrs. Douglas Burns—a daughter.
IRWIN—Oct. 21, Mrs. H. E. Irwin—a daughter.
JUKES—Oct. 19, Mrs. Arthur Jukes—a daughter.
MYLES—Oct. 4, Mrs. Wm. Myles—a daughter.
MILLS—Oct. 16, Mrs. S. A. Mills—a daughter.
DAVISON—Oct. 24, Mrs. R. C. Davison—a son.
COOPER—Oct. 15, Mrs. Geo. Cooper—a son.

Marriages.

McCALLUM—MURRAY—At the residence of the bride's father, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 25, 1892, by the Rev. George Bewion, Peter A. McCallum to Florence, daughter of James Murray, Esq., all of St. Catharines.
ROBINSON—COOKE—Oct. 18, Bevely Robinson to Eleanor Cooke.
PEVERETT—LOSEE—Oct. 20, John R. Peverett to Flora Losee.
HAYS—SHANE—Oct. 19, Robert S. Hays to Annie Shane.
JACKSON—FRANCIS—Oct. 19, William Jackson to Mary Francis.
POWER—JOPLING—Oct. 21, Richard Power to Margherita Jopling.
PENGILLY—SALMONS—Oct. 15, James Pengilly to Eliza Salmons.
WILSON—LAURENCE—Oct. 20, George Wilson to Maria Laurence.
BRINE—MOBERLY—Oct. 25, Rev Charles le Vesconte Brine to Catherine Mercey Moberly.
KINAHAN—DUNN—Oct 25, Robert Kinahan to Florence Dunn.
AMBERY—MASON—July 28, John W. Ambery to Augusta Helen Mason.
SHAW—DUNN—Oct. 26, Albert Shaw to Frances Dunn.
SPEIGHT—HOOD—Oct. 26, T. H. Speight to Belle Hood.
GORMALY—CUMMINGS—Oct. 26, J. A. Gormaly to Therese Cummings.
WASHINGTON—HOWELLS—Oct. 19, S. F. Washington to Kate V. Howells.
NORTON-TAYLOR—BOGERT—Oct. 19, William Hugh Norton-Taylor to Anna Ford Bogert.
BEGG—MURRAY—Oct. 19, Evan A. Begg to Minnie Murray.

Deaths.

BARRETT—Oct. 20, Harry Barrett, aged 6.
BERKESHAW—Oct. 20, Catherine Berkinshaw, aged 64.
CREALOCK—Oct. 20, John Crealock, aged 75.
CARLETON—Oct 20, Fanny Carleton, aged 27.
HUTCHINSON—Oct. 21, Miriam Hutchinson, aged 7.
MILLER—Oct. 16, W. A. Miller.
CLYNE—Oct. 19, William Clyne, aged 76.
GREENE—Oct. 19 Percival F. Greene.
EDGE—Oct 21, Elias Edge, aged 68.
GILES—Oct. 24, James H. Giles.
FROST—Oct. 24, Annie Hamilton Frost.
PLAYTER—Oct 25, R. G Playter, aged 40.
SWEED—Oct 21, Mrs. Samuel K. Sweed.
COOPER—Oct. 22, Margaret Cooper.
COUTIE—Oct. 23, Elizabeth Coutie.
CLARK—Oct. 23, Willie Clark, aged 5.
CHARTERS—Oct. 22, Margaret Charters, aged 70.
GIBSON—Oct. 21, Eliza Gibson.
LETTIMER—Oct., Edward Lettimer, aged 97.
KENT—Oct. 21. Olive G Kent, aged 3.
NEELANDS—Oct 50, H. E. Neelands, aged 36.

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USE HOWARTH'S
Carminative Mixture
This medicine is superior to any other for Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Cramps, and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels, and any other disorder of the bowels of infants occasioned by teething or other causes. Gives rest and quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Prepared only by
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Invaluable to blend with wines or spirits.—*Civil Service Gazette*, London.
A name to conjure with.—*Sporting Times*, London.
For Sale by All First class Wine Merchants, Hotels and Restaurants

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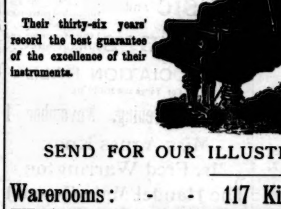

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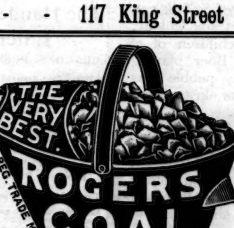
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